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Silex Scintillans:
 SACRED
 P O E M S
 And private
 EJACULATIONS.

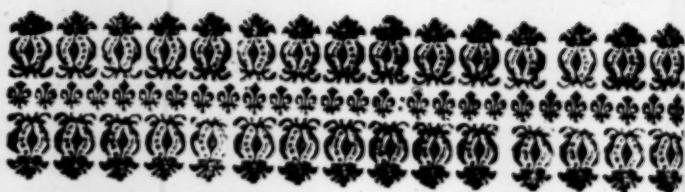
The second Edition, In two Books;
 By *Henry Vaughan*, Silurist.

Job chap. 35. ver. 10, 11.

*Where is God my Maker, who giveth Songs in
the night?*

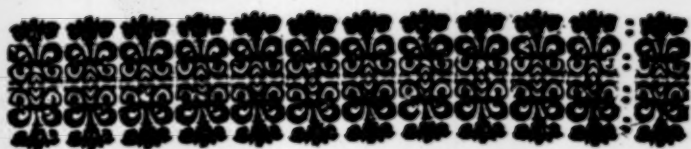
*Who teacheth us more then the beasts of the
earth, and maketh us wiser then the fowle
of heaven?*

London, Printed for Henry Crips, and Lud-
 wick Lloyd, next to the Castle in Cornhill,
 and in Popes-head Alley. 1655.



Authoris (de se) Emblema.

Entāsti, fateor, sine vulnere sapius, & me
T Consultū voluit Vox, sine voce, frequens,
Ambroivit placido divinior aura meatu,
Et frustra sancto murmure pramonuit
Surdus eram, mutusq; Silex : Tu, (quanta tuorum
Cura tibi est !) aliā das renovare viā,
Permutas Curam : Jamq; irritatus Amorem
Posse negas, & vim, Vi, superare paras,
Accedis propior, molemq; , & Saxea rumpis
Pectora, sitq; Caro, quod fuit ante Lapis
En lacrum ! Cælosq; tuos ardentia tandem
Fragmenta, & liquidas ex Adamante genas.
Sic olim vadantes Petras, Scopulosq; vomentes
Curāsti, O populi providus usq; tui !
Quam miranda tibi manus est ! Moriendo, revixi
Et fractas jam sum ditior inter opes.



The Dedication.

MY God, thou that didst dye for me,
These thy deaths fruits I offer thee.
Death that to me was life, and light
But darke, and deep pangs to thy sight.

Some drops of thy all-quickning bloud
Fell on my heart, these made it bud
And put forth thus, though, Lord, before
The ground was curs'd, and void of store.

Indeed, I had some here to hire
Which long resisted thy desire,
That ston'd thy Servants, and did move
To have thee murther'd for thy Love,
But, Lord, I have expell'd them, and so bent
Begge thou wouldst take thy Tenants Rent.



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Silex Scintillans, &c.

Regeneration.



Ward, and still in bonds, one day
I stole abroad,
It was high-spring, and all the way
Primros'd, and hung with shade;
Yet, was it frost within,
And furly winds
Blasted my infant buds, and sinne
Like Clouds ecclips'd my mind.

2.

Storm'd thus; I straight perceiv'd my spring
Meere stage, and shew,
My walke a monstrous, mountain'd thing
Rough-cast with Rocks, and snow;
And as a Pilgrims Eye
Far from reliefe,
Measures the melancholy skye
Then drops, and rains for griefe,;

3.

So sigh'd I upwards still, at last
'Twixt steps, and falls
I reach'd the pinnacle, where plac'd
I found a paire of scales,
I tooke them up and layd
In th'one late paines,
The other smoake, and pleasures weigh'd
But prov'd the heavier graines;

4.

With that, some cryed, *Away*; straight I
Obey'd, and led
Full East, a faire, fresh field could spy
Some call'd it, *Jacobs Bed*;

Silex Scintillans

A Virgin-soile, which no
 Rude feet ere trod,
 Where (since he slept there,) only go
 Prophets, and friends of God.

5.

Here, I repos'd; but scarce well set,
 A grove descryed
 Of stately height, whose branches met
 And mixt on every side;
 I entred, and once in
 (Amaz'd to see't,)
 Found all was chang'd, and a new spring
 Did all my senses greet;

6.

The unthrift Sunne shot vitall gold
 A thousand peeces,
 And heaven its azure did unfold
 Checqu'd with snowie fleeces,
 The aire was all in spice
 And every bush
 A garland wore; Thus fed my Eyes
 But all the Eare lay hush.

7.

Only a little Fountain lent
 Some use for Eares,
 And on the dumbe shades language spent
 The Musick of her teares;
 I drew her neere, and found
 The Cisterne full
 Of divers stones, some bright, and round
 Others ill-shap'd, and dull.

8.

The first (pray marke,) as quick as light
 Danc'd through the fload,
 But, th'last more heavy then the night
 Nail'd to the Center stood;
 I wonder'd much, but tyr'd
 At last with thought,
 My restless Eye that still desir'd
 As strange an object brought;

9.

It was a banke of flowers, where I descried
 (Though 'twas mid-day,) Some fast asleepe, others broad-eyed
 And taking in the Ray,
 Here musing long, I heard
 A rushing wind
 Which still increas'd, but whence it stirr'd
 No where I could not find ;

10.

I turn'd me round, and to each shade
 Dispatch'd an Eye,
 To see, if any leafe had made
 Least motion, or Reply,
 But while I listning sought
 My mind to ease
 By knowing, where 'twas, or where nor,
 It whisper'd ; *where I please.*

Lord, then said I, *On me one breath,
 And let me dye before my death !*

Cant. Cap. 5. ver. 17.

*Arise O North, and come thou South-wind, and blow
 upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.*

Death.

A Dialogue.

Soule.

'T Is a sad Land, that in one day
 Hath dull'd thee thus, when death shall freeze
 Thy blood to Ice, and thou must stay
 Tenant for Yeares, and Centuries,
 How wilt thou brook't ? —

Body

Body. I cannot tell, —

But if all fence wings not with thee,
And something still be left the dead,
I'll with my Curtaines off to free
Me from so darke, and sad a bed ;

A neast of nights, a gloomie sphere,
Where shadowes thicken, and the Cloud
Sits on the Suns brow all the yeare,
And nothing moves without a shrowd ;

Soule. 'Tis so : But as thou sawest that night
Wee travell'd in, our first attempts
Were dull, and blind, but Custome straight
Our feares, and falls brought to contempt,

Then, when the gastly *twelve* was past
We breath'd still for a blushing *East*,
And bad the lazie Sunne make hast,
And on sure hopes, though long, did feast ;

But when we saw the Clouds to crack
And in those Cranies light appear'd,
We thought the day then was not slack,
And pleas'd our selves with what wee feard ;

Iust so it is in death. But thou
Shalt in thy mothers bosome sleepe
Whilst I each minute grone to know
How neere Redemption creepes.

Then shall wee meet to mixe again, and met,
'Tis last good-night, our Sunne shall never set.

Job. Cap : 10. ver. 21. 22.

Before I goe whence I shall not returne, even to the land of
darknesse, and the shadow of death ;

A Land of darknesse, as darknesse it selfe, and of the sha-
dow of death, without any order, and where the light is as
darknesse.

Resurrection

Resurrection and
Immortality :

Heb. cap. 10. vt: 20.

By that new, and living way, which he hath prepared for us,
through the veile, which is his flesh.

Body.

I.

OFT have I seen, when that renewing breath
That binds, and loosens death
Inspir'd a quickning power through the dead
Creatures a bed,
Some drowfie silk-worme creepe
From that long sleepe
And in weake, infant hummings chime, and knell
About her silent Cell
Untill at last full with the vitall Ray
She wing'd away,
And proud with life, and sence,
Heav'ns rich Expence,
Esteem'd (vaine things!) of two whole Elements
As meane, and span-extents.
Shall I then thinke such providence will be
Lesse friend to me?
Or that he can endure to be unjust
Who keeps his Covenant even with our dust.

Soule

Soule,

2.

Poore, querulous handfull ! was't for this
 I taught thee all that is ?
 Unbowel'd nature, shew'd thee her recruits,
 And Change of suits
 And how of death we make
 A meere mistake,
 For no thing can to *Nothing* fall, but still
 Incorporates by skill;
 And then returns, and from the wombe of things
 Such treasure brings
 As *Phenix*-like renew'th
 Both life, and youth ;
 For a preserving spirit doth still passe
 Untainted through this Masse,
 Which doth resolve, produce, and ripen all
 That to it fall ;
 Nor are those births which we
 Thus suffering see
 Destroy'd at all ; But when times restles wave
 Their substance doth deprave
 And the more noble *Essence* finds his house
 Sickly, and loose,
 He, ever young, doth wing
 Unto that spring,
 And source of spirits, where he takes his lot
 Till time no more shall rot
 His passive Cottage ; which (though laid aside,)
 Like some spruce Bride,
 Shall one day rise, and cloath'd with shining light
 All pure, and bright
 Re-marry to the soule, for 'tis most plaine
 Thou only fal'st to be rein'd againe.

3.

Then I that here saw darkly in a glasse
 But mists, and shadows passe,

And

And, by their owne weake *Shine*, did search the springs
 And Course of things
 Shall with Inlightned Rayes
 Peirce all their wayes ;
 And as thou saw'st, I in a thought could goe
 To heav'n, or Earth below
 To reade some *Stare*, or *Min'rall*, and in State
 There often fate,
 So shalt thou then with me
 (Both wing'd, and free,)
 Move in that mighty, and eternall light
 Where no rude shade, or night
 Shall dare approach us ; we shall there no more
 Watch stars, or pore
 Through melancholly clouds, and say
would it were Day !
 One everlasting *Saboth* there shall runne
 Without *Succession*, and without a *Sunne*.

Dan : Cap : 12. ver : 13.

*But goe thou thy way untill the end be, for thou shalt rest,
 and stand up in thy lot, at the end of the dayes.*

Day of Judgement.

When through the North a fire shall rush
 And rowle into the East,
 And like a fire torrent brush
 And sweepe up South, and west,
 When all shall streame, and lighten round
 And with surprizing flames
 Both stars, and Elements confound
 And quite blot out their names,
 When thou shalt spend thy sacred store
 Of thunders in that heate
 And low as ere they lay before
 Thy six-dayes-buildings beate,

When

When like a scrowle the heavens shal passe
 And vanish cleane away,
 And nought must stand of that vast space
 Which held up night, and day,

When one lowd blast shall rend the deepe,
 And from the wombe of earth
 Summon up all that are asleepe
 Unto a second birth,

When thou shalt make the Clouds thy seate,
 And in the open aire
 The Quick, and dead, both small and great
 Must to thy barre repaire;

O then it wilbe all too late
 To say, *what shall I doe?*
Repentance there is out of date
 And so is *mercy* too;

Prepare, prepare me then, O God!
 And let me now begin
 To feele my loving fathers Rod
 Killing the man of sinne!

Give me, O give me Crosses here,
 Still more afflictions lend;
 That pill, though bitter, is most deare
 That brings health in the end;

Lord, God! I beg nor friends, nor wealth
 But pray against them both;
 Three things I'de have, my soules chief health!
 And one of these seme loath,

A living FAITH, a HEART of flesh,
 The WORLD an Enemie,
 This last will keepe the first two fresh,
 And bring me, where I'de be.

1 Pet. 4. 7.

Now the end of all things is at hand, be you therefore sober, and watching in prayer.

Religion.

MY God, when I walke in those groves,
And leaves thy spirit doth still fan,
I see in each shade that there growes
An Angell talking with a man.

Under a *Juniper*, some house,
Or the coole *Mirtles* canopie,
Others beneath an *Oakes* greene boughs,
Or at some *fountaines* bubling Eye;

Here *Jacob* dreames, and wrestles; there
Elias by a Raven is fed,
Another time by th' Angell, where
He brings him water with his bread;

In *Abr'ams* Tent the winged guests
(O how familiar then was heaven!)
Eate, drinke, discourse, sit downe, and rest
Untill the Coole, and shady *Even*;

Nay thou thy selfe, my God, in fire,
whule-winds, and *Clouds*, and the soft voice
Speak'st there so much, that I admire
We have no Conference in these daies;

Is the truce broke? or 'cause we have
A mediatour now with thee,
Doe'st thou therefore old Treaties wave
And by appeales from him decree?

Or is't so, as some green heads say
That now all miracles must cease?
Though thou hast promis'd they should stay
The tokens of the Church, and peace;

No, no; Religion is a Spring
That from some secret, golden Mine
Derives her birth, and thence doth bring
Cordials in every drop, and Wine;

But in her long, and hidden Course
Passing through the Earths darke veines,
Growes still from better unto worse,
And both her taste, and colour stains,

Then drilling on, learns to encrease
False *Ecchoes*, and Confused sounds,
And unawares doth often seize
On veines of *Sulphur* under ground;

So poison'd, breaks forth in some Clime,
And at first sight doth many please,
But drunk, is puddle, or meere slime
And 'stead of Phisick, a disease;

Just such a tainted sink we have
Like that *Samaritans* dead well,
Nor must we for the Kernell crave
Because most voices like the shell.

Heale then these waters, Lord; or bring thy flock,
Since these are troubled, to the springing rock,
Looke downe great Master of the feast; O shine,
And turn once more our *Water* into *Wine*!

Cant. cap. 4. ver. 12.

*My sister, my spouse is as a garden Inclosed, as a Spring
Shut up, and a fountain sealed up.*

The Search.

T'Is now cleare day : I see a Rose
 Bud in the bright East, and disclose
 The Pilgrim-Sunne ; all night have I
 pent in a roving Extasie
 To find my Saviour ; I have been
 as far as *Bethlem*, and have seen
 His Inne, and Cradle ; Being there
 met the *Wise-men*, askt them where
 He might be found, or what starre can
 now point him out, grown up a Man ?
 To *Egypt* hence I fled, ran o're
 All her parcht bosome to *Nile's* shore
 Her yearly nurse ; came back, enquir'd
 Amongst the *Doctors*, and desir'd
 To see the *Temple*, but was shown
 Little dust, and for the Town
 heap of ashes, where some sed
 small bright sparkle was a bed,
 Which would one day (beneath the pole,)
 wake, and then refine the whole.
 Tyr'd here, I come to *Sychar* ; thence
 To *Jacobs wel*, bequeathed since
 unto his sonnes, (where often they
 those calme, golden Evenings lay
 tending their flocks, and having spent
 those white dayes, drove home to the Tent
 their *well-fleec'd* traine;) And here (O fate !)
 sit, where once my Saviour sate ;
 The angry Spring in bubbles swell'd
 which broke in sighes still, as they fill'd,
 and whisper'd, *Jesus had been there*
 at *Jacobs children would not hear*.
 Both hence to part, at last I rise
 at with the fountain in my Eyes,
 and here a fresh search is decreed
 he must be found, where he did bleed ;

I walke the garden, and there see
Idea's of his Agonie,
 And moving anguishments that set
 His blest face in a bloody sweat ;
 I climb'd the Hill, perus'd the Crosse
 Hung with my gaine, and his great losse,
 Never did tree beare fruit like this,
Balsam of Soules, the bodyes blisse ;
 But, O his grave ! where I saw lent
 (For he had none,) a Monument,
 An undefil'd, and new-heaw'd one,
 But there was not the *Corner-stone* ;
 Sure (then said I,) my Quest is vaine,
 Hee'le not be found, where he was slaine,
 So mild a Lamb can never be
 'Midst so much blood, and Crueltie ;
 I'le to the Wilderness, and can
 Find beasts more mercifull then man,
 He liv'd there safe, 'twas his retreat
 From the fierce *Jew*, and *Herods* heat,
 And forty dayes withstood the fell,
 And high temptations of hell ;
 With Seraphins there talked he
 His fathers flaming ministrie,
 He heav'nd their *walks*, and with his eyes
 Made those wild shades a Paradise,
 Thus was the desert sanctified
 To be the refuge of his bride ;
 I'le thither then ; see, It is day,
 The Sun's broke through to guide my way.

But as I urg'd thus, and writ down
 What pleasures should my Journey crown,
 What silent paths, what shades, and Cells,
 Faire, virgin-flowers, and hallow'd *Wells*
 I should rove in, and rest my head
 Where my deare Lord did often tread,
 Sugring all dangers with successe,
 Me thought I heard one singing thus ;

1.

Leave, leave, thy gadding thoughts;
 Who Pores
 and spies
 Still out of Doores
 descries
 Within them nought.

2.

The skinne, and shell of things
 Though faire,
 are not
 Thy wish, nor pray'r
 but got
 By meer Despair
 of wings.

3.

To rack old Elements,
 or Dust
 and say
 Sure here he must
 needs stay
 Is not the way,
 nor just.

Search well; another world; who studies this,
 Travels in Clouds, seeks *Manna*, where none is.

Acts Cap. 17. ver. 27, 28.

That they should seek the Lord, if happily they might
 feel after him, and finde him, though he be not far off from
 every one of us, for in him we live, and move, and have our
 being.

Isaacs Marriage

Gen. cap. 24, ver. 63.

*And Isaac went out to pray in the field at the Even-tide,
and he lift up his eyes, and saw, and behold, the Camels
were coming.*

PRaying! and to be married? It was rare,
But now 'tis monstrous; and that pious care
Though of our selves, is so much out of date.
That to renew't were to degenerate.
But thou a Chosen sacrifice wert given,
And offer'd up so early unto heaven
Thy flames could not be out; Religion was
Ray'd into thee, like beams into a glasse,
Where, as thou grewst, it multipli'd and shi'd
The sacred Constellation of thy mind.
But being for a bride, prayer was such
A decry'd course, sure it prevail'd not much.
Had'st ne'r an oath, nor Complement? thou wert
An odde dull sutor; Hadst thou but the art
Of these our dayes, thou couldst have coyn'd thee twenty
New sev'ral oathes, and Complements (too) plenty;
O sad, and wilde excessse! and happy those
White daye, that durst no impious mirth expose!
When Conscience by lew'd use had not lost sense,
Nor bold-fac'd custome banish'd Innocence;
Thou hadst no pompous train, nor *Antick* crowd
Of young, gay sweaters, with their needlesse, lowd
Retinue All was here smooth as thy bride
And calm like her, or that mild Evening-tide;
Yet, hadst thou nobler guests: Angels did wmd
And rove about thee, guardians of thy minde,
These fetch'd thee home thy bride, and all the way
Advis'd thy servant what to do, and say;
These taught him at the *well*, and thither brought
The Chast, and lovely object of thy thought;

But

But here was ne'r a Complement, not one
Spruce, supple cringe, or study'd look put on,
All was plain, modest truth : Nor did she come
In rowles and Curles, mincing and stately dumb,
But in a Virgins native blush and fears
Fresh as those roses, which the day-spring wears.
O sweet, divine simplicity ! O grace
Beyond a Curled lock. or painted face !
A Pitcher too she had, nor thought it much
To carry thar, which some would scorn to touch ;
With which in mild, chaste language she did wooe
To draw him drink, and for his Camels too.

And now thou knewest her coming, It was time
To get thee wings on, and devoutly climbe
Unto thy God, for Marriage of all states
Makes most unhappy, or most fortunates ;
This brought thee forth, where now thou didst undress
Thy soul, and with new pinions refresh
Her wearied wings, which so resto'd did flee
Above the stars, a track unknown, and high,
and in her piercing flight perfum'd the ayer.
Scattering the Myrre, and incense of thy pray'r
So from * Labai-roi's Well some spicie cloud
Woo'd by the Sun swels up to be his shroud,
And from his moist wombe weeps a fragrant showre,
Which, scatter'd in a thousand pearls, each flowre
And herb partakes, where having stood awhile
And something coold the parch'd, and thirst Isle,
The thankful Earth unlocks her self, and blends,
A thousand odours, which (all mixt,) she sends
Up in one cloud, and so returns the skies

That dew they lent, a breathing sacrifice (herit
Thus soar'd thy soul, who (though young,) didst in-
Together with his blood, thy fathers spirit,
Whose active zeal, and tried faith were to thee
Familiar ever since thy Infancie.

Others were tym'd, and train'd up to't but thou
Diddst thy swift yeers in piety out-grow,

* A well in
the South
Country
where Ja-
cob dwelt,
between
Cadesh,
& Bered ;
Heb. the
well of him
that liveth,
and seeth
me.

Age made them rev'rend, and a snowie head,
 But thou wert so, e're time his snow could shed;
 Then, who would truly limne thee out, must paint
 First, a young Patriarch, then a marri'd Saint.

The British Church.

A H! he is fled!
 And while these here their mists, and shadows hatch,
 My glorious head.
 Doth on those hills of Mirrhe, and Incense watch.
 Haste, hast my dear,
 The Souldiers here
 Cast in their lots again,
 That seamlesse coat
 The Jews touch'd nor,
 These dare divide, and stain.

2.

O get thee wings!
 Or if as yet (until these clouds depart,
 And the day springs,) Thou think'st it good to tarry where thou art,
 Write in thy bookes
 My ravish'd looks
 Slain flock, and pillag'd fleeces,
 And hast thee so
 As a young Roe
 Upon the mounts of spices.

*O Rosa Campi! O liliū Convallium! quomodo nunc
 facta es pabulum Aprorum!*

The Lampe.

'TIs dead night round about : Horreur doth creepe
And move on with the shades ; stars nod, and sleepe,
And through the dark aire spin a fire thread
Such as doth gild the lazie glow-worms bed.

Yet, burn'st thou here, a full day ; while I spend
My rest in Cares, and to the dark world lend
These flames, as thou dost thine to me ; I watch
That houre, which must thy life, and mine dispatch ;
But still thou dost out-goe me, I can see
Met in thy flames, all acts of piety ;
Thy light, is *Charity* ; Thy heat, is *Zeale* ;
And thy aspiring, active fires reveale
Devotion still on wing ; Then, thou dost weepe
Still as thou burn'st, and the warme droppings creepe
To measure out thy length, as if thou'dst know
What stock, and how much time were left thee now ;
Nor dost thou spend one teare in vain, for still
As thou dissolv'st to them, and they distill,
They're stor'd up in the socket, where they lye,
When all is spent, thy last, and sure supply,
And such is true repentance, ev'ry breath
Wee spend in sighes, is treasure after death ;
Only, one point escapes thee ; That thy Oile
Is still out with thy flame, and so both faile ;
But whensoever I'm out, both shalbe in,
And where thou mad'st an end, there I'll begin.

Mark Cap. 13. ver. 35.

*Watch you therefore, for you know not when the master
of the house cometh, at Even, or at mid-night, or at the
Cock-crowing, or in the morning.*

Mans fall, and Recovery.

Farewell you Everlasting hills ! I'm Cast
 Here under Clouds, where stormes, and tempests blaſt
 This fully'd flowre
 Rob'd of your Calme, nor can I ever make
 Transplanted thus, one leafe of his r'awake,
 But ev'ry houre
 He ſleepes, and droops, and in this drowſie ſtate
 Leaves me a ſlave to paſſions, and my fate ;
 Beſides I've loſt
 A traine of lights, which in theſe Sun-ſhine dayes
 Were my ſure guides, and only with me ſtayes
 (Unto my coſt,)
 One ſullen beame, whoſe charge is to diſpenſe
 More puniſhment, than knowledge to my ſence ;
 Two thouſand yeares
 I ſojourn'd thus ; at laſt *Jeſhurun* king
 Thoſe famous tables did from *Sinai* bring ;
 Theſe ſwell'd my feares,
 Guilts, treſpaſſes, and all this Inward Awe,
 For ſinne tooke ſtrength, and vigour from the Law.
 Yet have I found
 A plenteous way, (thanks to that holy one !)
 To cancell all that e're was writ in ſtone,
 His ſaving wound
 Wept blood, that broke this Adamant, and gave
 To ſinners Confidence, life to the grave ;
 This makes me ſpan
 My fathers journeys, and in one faire ſtep
 O're all their pilgimage, and labours leap,
 For God (made man,)
 Reduc'd th'Extent of works of faith ; ſo made
 Of their Red Sea, a Spring ; I waſh, they wade.

Rom. Cap. 18. ver. 19.

*As by the offence of one; the fault came on all men to con-
 demnation ; So by the Rightouſneſs of one, the benefit abound-
 ed towards a/l men to the Juſtification of life.*

The Showre.

'T Was so, I saw thy birth: That drowfie Lake
From her faint bosome breath'd thee, the disease
Of her sick waters, and Infectious Ease.

But, now at Even
Too grosse for heaven,
Thou fall'st in teares, and weep'st for thy mistake.

2.

Ah ! it is so with me ; oft have I prest
Heaven with a lazie breath, but fruitles this
Peirc'd not ; Love only can with quick accessse

Unlock the way,
When all else stray
The smoke, and Exhalations of the brest.

3.

Yet, if as thou doest melt, and with thy traine
Of drops make soft the Earth, my eyes could weepe
O're my hard heart, that's bound up, and asleepe,

Perhaps at last
(Some such showres past,)
My God would give a Sun-shine after raine.

Distraction

Distraction.

O Knit me, that am crumbled dust ! the heape
 Is all dispers'd, and cheape ;
 Give for a handfull, but a thought
 And it is bought ;
 Hadst thou
 Made me a starre, a pearle, or a rain-bow,
 The beames I then had shot
 My light had lessend nor,
 But now
 I find my selfe the lesse, the more I grow ;
 The world
 Is full of voices ; Man is call'd, and hur'd
 By each, he answers all,
 Knows ev'ry note, and call,
 Hence, still
 Fresh dotage tempts, or old usurps his will.
 Yet, hadst thou clipt my wings, when Coffin'd in
 This quicken'd masse of sinne,
 And saved that light, which freely thou
 Didst then bestow,
 I feare
 I should have spurn'd, and said thou didst forbear ;
 Or that thy store was lesse,
 But now since thou didst blesse
 So much,
 I grieve, my God ! that thou hast made me such.
 I grieve ?
 O, yes ! thou know'st I doe ; Come, and relieve
 And tame, and keepe downe with thy light
 Dust that would rise, and dimme my sight,
 Left left alone too long
 Amidst the noise, and throng,
 Oppressed I
 Striving to save the whole, by parcells dye.

The Pursuite.

Lord! what a busie, restless thing
 Hast thou made man?
 Each day, and houre he is on wing,
 Rests not a span;
 Then having lost the Sunne, and light
 By clouds surpriz'd
 He keeps a Commerce in the night
 With aire disguis'd;
 Hadst thou given to this active dust
 A state untir'd,
 The lost Sonne had not left the huske
 Nor home desir'd;
 That was thy secret, and it is
 Thy mercy too,
 For when all failes to bring to blisse,
 Then, this must doe.
 Ah! Lord! and what a Purchase will that be
 To take us sick, that sound would not take thee?

Mount of Olives.

Sweete, sacred hill! on whose fair brow
 My Saviour sate, shall I allow
 Language to love
 And Idolize some shade, or grove,
 Neglecting thee? such ill-plac'd wit,
 Conceit, or call it what you please
 Is the braines fit,
 And meere disease;

2. Cottswold,

2.

Cotswold, and *Coopers* both have met
 With learned *Swaines*, and *Eccho* yet
 Their pipes, and wit ;
 But thou sleep'st in a deepe neglect
 Untouch'd by any ; And what neede
 The sheepe bleate thee a silly Lay
 That heard'st both reede
 And sheepward play ?

3.

Yet, if Poets mind thee well
 They shall find thou art their hill,
 And fountaine too,
 Their Lord with thee had most to doe ;
 He wept once, walkt whole nights on thee,
 And from thence (his suff'rings ended,)
 Unto glorie
 Was attended ;

— 4.

Being there, this spacious ball
 Is but his narrow footstoole all,
 And what we thinke
 Unsearchable, now with one winke
 He doth comprise ; But in this aire
 When he did stay to beare our Ill
 And sinne, this Hill
 Was then his Chaire.

The Incarnation, and
Passion.

Lord ! when thou didst thy selfe undresse
Laying by thy robes of glory,
To make us more, thou wouldst be lesse,
And becam'st a wofull story.

To put on Clouds instead of light,
And cloath the morning-starre with dust,
Was a translation of such height
As, but in thee, was ne'r exprest ;

Brave wormes, and Earth ! that thus could have
A God Enclos'd within your Cell,
Your maker pent up in a grave,
Life lockt in death, heav'n in a shell ;

Ah, my deare Lord ! what couldst thou spyce
In this impure, rebellious clay,
That made thee thus resolve to dye
For those that kill thee every day ?

O what strange wonders could thee move
To slight thy precious bloud, and breath !
Sure it was *Love*, my Lord ; for *Love*
Is only stronger far than death.

The

The Call.

Come my heart ! come my head
 In sighes, and teares !
 'Tis now, since you have laine thus dead
 Some twenty years ;
 Awake, awake,
 Some pittie take
 Upon your selves —
 Who never wake to grone, nor weepe,
 Shall be sentenc'd for their sleepe.

2.

Doe but see your sad estate,
 how many sands
 Have left us, while we careles fate
 With folded hands ;
 What stock of nights,
 Of dayes, and yeares
 In silent flights
 Stole by our eares,
 How ill have we our selves bestow'd
 Whose sins are all set in a Cloud ?

3.

Yet, come, and let's peruse them all ;
 And as we passe,
 What sins on every minute fall
 Score on the glasse ;
 Then weigh, and rate
 Their heavy State
 \ Untill \
 The glasse with teares you fill ;
 That done, we shalbe safe, and good,
 Those beasts were cleane, that chew'd the Cud.

Thou



THOU that know'st for whom I mourne,
 And why these teares appeare,
 That keep'st account, till he returne
 Of all his dust left here;
 As easily thou might'st prevent
 As now produce these teares,
 And adde unto that day he went
 A faire supply of yeares.
 But 'twas my sinne that forc'd thy hand
 To cull this *Prim-rose* out,
 That by thy early choice forewarn'd
 My soule might looke about.
 O what a vanity is man!
 How like the Eyes quick winke
 His Cottage failes; whose narrow span
 Begins even at the brink!
 Nine months thy hands are fashioning us,
 And many yeares (alas!)
 E're we can lisp, or ought discusse
 Concerning thee, must passe;
 Yet have I knowne thy slightest things
 A *feather*, or a *shell*,
 A *stick*, or *Rod* which some Chance brings
 The best of us excell,
 Yea, I have knowne these shreds out last
 A faire-compacted frame
 And for one *Twenty* we have past
 Almost outlive our name.
 Thus hast thou plac'd in mans outside
 Death to the Common Eye,
 That heaven within him might abide,
 And close eternitie;

Hence,

Hence, youth, and folly (mans first shame,)
Are put unto the slaughter,
And serious thoughts begin to tame
The wise-mans-madnes *Laughter* ;
Dull, wretched wormes ! that would not keepe
Within our first faire bed,
But out of *Paradise* must creepe
For ev'ry foote to tread ;
Yet, had our Pilgrimage bin free,
And smooth without a thorne,
Pleasures had foil'd Eternitie,
And *taves* had choakt the *Corne*.
Thus by the Crosse Salvation runnes,
Affliction is a mother,
Whose painefull throws yield many sons,
Each fairer than the other ;
A silent teare can peirce thy throne,
When lowd Joyes want a wing,
And sweeter aires streame from a grone,
Than any arted string ;
Thus, Lord, I see my gaine is great ,
My losse but little to it,
Yet something more I must intreate
And only thou canst doe it.
O let me (like him,) know my End !
And be as glad to find it,
And whatsoe'r thou shalt Commend,
Still let thy Servant mind it !
Then make my soule white as his owne,
My faith as pure, and steddy ,
And deck me, Lord, with the same Crowne
Thou hast crownd him already !

Vanity of Spirit.

Quite spent with thoughts I left my Cell, and lay
Where a shrill spring tun'd to the early day.

I beg'd here long, and gron'd to know
Who gave the Clouds so brave a bow,
Who bent the spheres, and circled in
Corruption with this glorious King,
What is his name, and how I might
Descry some part of his great light.

Summon'd nature: peirc'd through all her store,
Tooke up some seales, which none had touch'd before,

Her wombe, her bosome, and her head
Where all her secrets lay a bed

I rifled quite, and having past
Through all the Creatures, came at last
To search my selfe, where I did find
Traces, and sounds of a strange kind.

Here of this mighty spring, I found some drills,

With Echoes beaten from th' eternall hills;

Weake beames, and fires flash'd to my sight,
Like a young East, or Moone-shine night,
Which shew'd me in a nook cast by
A peece of much antiquity,

With Hyeroglyphicks quite dismembred,
And broken letters scarce remembred.

Tooke them up, and (much Joy'd,) went about

To unite those peeces, hoping to find out

The mystery; but this neer done,

That little light I had was gone:

It griev'd me much. At last, said I,

Since in these veyls my Ecclips'd Eye

May not approach thee, (for at night

who can have commerce with the light?)

I'll disapparell, and to buy

But one half glaunce, most gladly dye.

The Retreat.

Happy those early dayes ! when I
 Shin'd in my Angell-infancy.
 Before I understood this place
 Appointed for my second race,
 Or taught my soul to fancy ought
 But a white, Celestiall thought,
 When yet I had not walkt above
 A mile, or two, from my first love,
 And looking back (at that short space,)
 Could see a glimpse of his bright-face ;
 When on some *gilded Cloud*, or *flowre*
 My gazing soul would dwell an houre ;
 And in those weaker glories spy
 Some shadows of eternity ;
 Before I taught my tongue to wound
 My Conscience with a sinfull sound,
 Or had the black art to dispence
 A sev'rall sinne to ev'ry sence,
 But felt through all this fleshly dresse
 Bright *shootes* of everlastingness.

O how I long to travell back
 And tread again that ancient track !
 That I might once more reach that plaine,
 Where first I left my glorious traine,
 From whence th' Inlightned spirit sees
 That shady City of Palme trees ;
 But (ah!) my soul with too much stay
 Is drunk, and staggers in the way.
 Some men a forward motion love,
 But I by backward steps would move,
 And when this dust falls to the urn
 At that state I came return.



Come, come, what doe I here?
Since he is gone
Each day is grown a dozen year,
And each houre, one;
Come, come!
Cut off the sum,
By these soild teares!
(Which only thou
Know'st to be true,)
Dayes are my feares.

2.

Ther's not a wind can stir,
Or beam passe by,
But strait I think (though far,)
Thy hand is nigh;
Come, come!
Strike these lips dumb:
This restless breath
That soiles thy name,
Will ne'r be tame
Untill in death.

3.

Perhaps some think a tombe
No house of store,
But a dark, and seal'd up wombe,
Which ne'r breeds more.
Come, come!
Such thoughts benum;
But I would be
With him I weep
A bed, and sleep
To wake in thee.

Come

C 2

Mid-night

¶
Midnight.

When to my Eyes
 (Whilst deep sleep others catches,)
 Thine hoast of spyes
 The starres shine in their watches,
 I doe survey
 Each busie Ray,
 And how they work, and wind,
 And wish each beame
 My soul doth streame,
 With the like ardour shin'd;
 What Emanations,
 Quick vibrations
 And bright stirs are there?
 What thin Ejections,
 Cold Affections,
 And slow motions here?

2.

Thy heav'ns (some say,)
 Are a fire-liquid light,
 Which mingling aye
 Streames, and flames thus to the light.
 Come then, my god!
 Shine on this bloud,
 And water in one beame,
 And thou shalt see
 Kindled by thee
 Both liquors burne, and streame.

O what bright quicknes,
Active brightnes,
And celestiall flowes
Will follow after
On that water,
Which thy spirit blowes!

Math. Cap. 3. ver. xi.

*I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance, but he that
cometh after me, is mightier than I, whose shooes I am
not worthy to beare, he shall baptize you with the holy
Ghost, and with fire.*

¶ Content.

PEace, peace! I know 'twas brave,
But this corse fleece
I shelter in, is slave
To no such peece.
When I am gone,
I shall no ward-robos leave
To friend, or sonne
But what their own homes weave,

2.

Such, though not proud, nor full,
May make them weep,
And mourn to see the wooll
Outlast the sheep;
Poore, Pious weare!
Hadst thou bin rich, or fine
Perhaps that teare
Had mourn'd thy losse, not mine.

C 3

3. Why

3.

Why then these curl'd, puff'd points,
 Or a laced story?
 Death sets all out of joint
 And scornes their glory;
 Some Love a *Rose*
 In hand, some in the skin;
 But crosse to those,
 I would have mine *within*.

¶

JOy of my life! while left me here,
 And still my Love!
 How in thy absence thou dost steere
 Me from above!
 A life well lead
 This truth commends,
 With quick, or dead
 It never ends.

2.

Stars are of mighty use: The night
 Is dark, and long;
 The Rode foul, and where one goes right,
 Six may go wrong.
 One twinkling ray
 Shot o'r some cloud,
 May clear much way
 And guide a croud.

3.

Gods Saints are shining lights : who stays
 Here long must passe
 O're dark hills, swift streames, and steep ways
 As smooth as glasse ;
 But these all night
 Like Candles, shed
 Their beams, and light
 Us into Bed,

4.

They are (indeed,) our Pillar-fires
 Seen as we go,
 They are that Cities shining spires
 We travell too ;
 A swordlike gleame
 Kept man for sin
 First *Out* ; This beame
 Will guide him *In*.

The Storm.

I See the use ; and know my blood
 Is not a Sea,
 But a shallow, bounded floud
 Though red as he ;
 Yet have I flows, as strong as his,
 And boyling stremes that rave
 With the same curling force, and hisle,
 As doth the mountain'd wave.

C 4

But

2.

But when his waters billow thus,
 Dark storms, and wind
 Incite them to that fierce discomfite,
 Else not Inclined,
 Thus the Enlarg'd, enraged air
 Uncalmes these to a froud,
 But still the weather that's most fair
 Breeds tempests in my bloud;

3.

Lord, then round me with weeping Clouds,
 And let my mind
 In quick blasts sigh beneath those shrouds
 A spirit-wind,
 So shall that storme purge this *Recluse*
 Which sinfull ease made foul,
 And *wind*, and *water* to thy use
 Both *wash*, and *wing* my soul.

The Morning-watch.

O Joyes! Infinite sweetnes! with what flowres,
 And shoors of glory, my soul breakes, and buds!
 All the long houres
 Of night, and Rest
 Through the still shrouds
 Of sleep, and Clouds,
 This Dew fell on my Breast;
 O how it *Blouds*,

And

Or Sacred Poems.

41

And *Spirits* all my Earth ! heark ! In what Rings,
And *Hymning Circulations* the quick world

Awakes, and sings ;
The rising winds,
And falling Springs,
Birds, beasts, all things
Adore him in their kinds.

Thus all is hurl'd

In sacred *Hymnes*, and *Order*, The great *Chime*
And *Symphony* of nature. Prayer is

The world in tune,
A spirit-voyce,
And vocall joyes
Whose *Eccho* is heav'ns blisse.

O let me climbe

When I lye down ! The Pious soul by night
Is like a clouded starre, whose beames though sed

To shed their light
Under some Cloud
Yet are above,
And shine, and move
Beyond that mistie throwd.

So in my Bed

That Curtain'd grave, though sleep, like ashes, hide
My lamp, and life, both shall in thee abide.

The Evening-watch.

A Dialogue.

FArewell ! I goe to sleep ; but when
The day-star springs, I'll wake agen.

Body.

Goe, sleep in peace ; and when thou lye'st
Unnumber'd in thy dust, when all this frame
Is but one dramme, and what thou now descriest
In sev'rall parts shall want a name,

Soul.

Then

Then may his peace be with thee, and each dust
Writ in his book, who ne'r betray'd mans trust !

Amen ! but hark, e'r we two stray,
How many hours do'st think 'till day ?

Body

Ah ! go ; th'art weak, and sleepe. Heav'n
Is a plain watch, and without figures winds
All ages up ; who drew this Circle even

Soul

He filt it ; Dayes, and hours are *Blinds*.
Yet, this take with thee ; The last gasp of time
Is thy first breath, and mans *eternall Prime*.



Silence, and stealth of dayes ! 'tis now
Since thou art gone,
Twelve hundred houres, and not a brow
But Clouds hang on.
As he that in some Caves thick damp
Lockt from the light,
Fixeth a solitary lamp,
To brave the night,
And walking from his Sun, when past
That glim'ring Ray
Cuts through the heavy mists in haste
Back to his day,
So o'r fled minutes I retreat
Unto that hour
Which shew'd thee last, but did defeat
Thy light, and pow'r,
I search, and rack my soul to see
Those beams again,
But nothing but the snuff to me
Appareth plain ;
That dark, and dead sleeps in its known,
And common urn,
But those fled to their Makers throne,
There shine, and burn ;

O could I track them ! but souls ~~must~~
 Track one the other,
 And now the spirit, not the dust
 Must be thy brother.
 Yet I have one *Pearle* by whose light
 All things I see,
 And in the heart of Earth, and night
 Find Heaven, and thee.

Body.

Soul.

Church-Service.

BLeft be the God of Harmony, and Love !
 The God above !
 And holy dove !
 Whose Interceding, spirituall grones
 Make restless mones
 For dust, and stones,
 For dust in every part,
 But a hard, stonie heart.

2

O how in this thy Quire of Souls I stand
 (Propt by thy hand)
 A heap of sand !
 Which busie thoughts (like winds) would scatter quite
 And put to flight,
 But for thy might ;
 Thy hand alone doth tame
 Those blasts, and knit my frame,

3.

So that both stones, and dust, and all of me
 Joyntly agree
 To cry to thee,
 And in this Musick by thy Martyrs bloud
 Seal'd, and made good
 Present, O God !
 The Echo of these stones
 — My sighes, and grones.

Buriall,

Buriall.

O Thou! the first fruits of the dead,
 And their dark bed,
 When I am cast into that deep
 And senseless sleep
 The wages of my sinne,
 O then,
 Thou great Preserver of all men!
 Watch o're that loose
 And empty house,
 Which I sometimes liv'd in.

2.

It is (in truth!) a ruin'd peece
 Not worth thy Eyes,
 And scarce a room but wind, and rain
 Bear through, and stain
 The seats, and Cells within;
 Yet thou
 Led by thy Love wouldst stoop thus low,
 And in this Court
 All filth, and sporr,
 Didst with thy servant Inne.

3.

And nothing can, I hourly see,
 Drive thee from me,
 Thou art the same, faithfull, and just
 In life, or Dust;
 Though then (thus crumm'd) I stray
 In blasts,
 Or Exhalations, and waits
 Beyond all Eyes
 Yet thy love spies
 That Change, and knows thy C lay.

4.

The world's thy boxe : how then (there toft,)
 Can I be loft ?
 But the delay is all ; Tyme now
 Is old, and flow,
 His wings are dull, and sickly ;
 Yet he
 Thy servant is, and waits on thee,
 Cutt then the summe,
 Lord haste, Lord come,
 O come Lord *Jesus* quickly !

Rom. Cap. 8. ver. 23.

*And not only they, but our selves also, which have the first
 fruit of the spirit, even wee our selves groane within our
 selves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of
 our body.*

Chearfulness.

Lord, with what courage, and delight
 I doe each thing
 When thy least breath sustaines my wing !
 I shine, and move
 Like those above,
 And (with much gladnesse
 Quitting sadnesse,)
 Make me faire dayes of every night.

2.

Affliction thus, meere pleasure is,
 And hap what will,
 If thou be in't, 'tis welcome still ;
 But since thy rayes
 In Sunnie dayes
 Thou dost thus lend
 And freely spend,
 Ah ! what shall I return for this ?

3.

O that I were all Soul ! that thou
 Wouldst make each part
 Of this poor, sinfull frame pure heart !
 Then would I drown
 My single one,
 And to thy praise
 A Confort raise
 Of *Hallelujahs* here below.



Sure, there's a rye of Bodyes ! and as they
 Dissolve (with it,) to Clay,
 Love languisheth, and memory doth rust
 O'r-cast with that cold dust ;
 For things thus *Conte'd*, without *Beames*, or *Action*
 Nor give, nor take *Contactiō*,
 And man is such a Marygold, these fled,
 That shuts, and hangs the head.

2.

Absents within the Line Conspire, and *Sense*
 Things distant doth unite,
 Herbs sleep unto the *East*, and some fowles thence
 Watch the Returns of light ;
 But hearts are not so kind : false, short delights
 Tell us the world is brave,
 And wrap us in Imaginary flights
 Wide of a faithfull grave ;
 Thus *Lazarus* was carried out of town ;
 For 'tis our foes chief art
 By distance all good objects first to drown,
 And then besiege the heart.
 But I will be my own *Deaths-head* ; and though
 The flatt'rer say, *I live*,
 Because Incertainties we cannot know
 Be sure, not to believe.

Peace,

Peace.

MY Soul, there is a Countrie
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged Centrie
All skilfull in the wars,
There above noise, and danger
Sweet peace sits crown'd with smiles;
And one born in a Manger
Commands the Beauteous files,
He is thy gracious friend,
And (O my Soul awake!)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake,
If thou canst get but thither,
There growes the flowre of peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortresse, and thy ease;
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But one, who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy Cure.

The Passion.

O My chief good!
My dear, dear God!
When thy blest bloud
Did Issue forth forc'd by the Rod,
What pain didst thou
Feel in each blow!
How didst thou weep,
And thy self steep

In thy own precious, saving teares !

What cruell smart

Did teare thy heart !

How didst thou grone it

In the spirit,

O thou, whom my soul Loves, and feares !

2.

Most blessed Vine !

Whose juice so good

I feel as Wine,

But thy faire branches felt as bloud,

How wert thou prest

To be my feast !

In what deep anguish

Didst thou languish,

What springs of Sweat, and bloud did drown thee !

How in one path

Did the full wrath

Of thy great Father

Crowd, and gather,

Doubling thy griefs, when none would own thee !

3.

How did the weight

Of all our sinnes,

And death unite

Towrench, and Rack thy blessed limbes !

How pale, and bloudie

Lookt thy Body !

How bruise'd, and broke

With every stroke !

How meek, and patient was thy spirit !

How didst thou cry,

And grone on high

Father forgive,

And let them live,

I dye to makemy foes inherit !

4.

O blessed Lamb !
 That took'st my sinne,
 That took'st my shame
 How shall thy dust thy praises sing !
 I would I were
 One hearty tear !
 One constant spring !
 Then would I bring
 Thee two small mites, and be at strife
 Which should most vie,
 My heart, or eye,
 Teaching my years
 In smiles, and tears
 To weep, to sing, thy *Death*, my *Life*.

Rom. Cap. 8. ver. 19.

Etenim res Create exerto Capite observantes expectant revelationem Filiorum Dei.

AND do they so ? have they a Sense
 Of ought but Influence ?
 Can they their heads lift, and expect,
 And grone too ? why th'Elect
 Can do no more : my volumes sed
 They were all dull, and dead,
 They judg'd them senselesse, and their state
 Wholly inanimate.
 Go, go ; Seal up thy looks,
 And burn thy books.

2.

I would I were a stone, or tree,
 Or flowre by pedigree,
 Or some poor high-way herb, or Spring
 To flow, or bird to sing !

D

Then should I (tyed to one sure state,)
 All day expect my date;
 But I am sadly loose, and stray
 A giddy blast each way;
 O let me not thus range!
 Thou canst not change.

3.

Sometimes I sit with thee, and tarry
 An hour, or so, then vary.
 Thy other Creatures in this Scene
 Thee only aym, and mean;
 Some rise to seek thee, and with heads
 Erect peep from their beds;
 Others, whose birth is in the tomb,
 And cannot quit the womb,
 Sigh there, and grone for thee,
 Their liberty.

4.

O let not me do lesse! shall they
 Watch, while I sleep, or play?
 Shall I thy mercies still abuse
 With fancies, friends, or newes?
 O brook it not! thy bloud is mine,
 And my soul should be thine;
 O brook it not! why wilt thou stop
 After whole showres one drop?
 Sure, thou wilt joy to see
 Thy sheep with thee.

The Relapse.

MY God, how gracious art thou ! I had slipt
 Almost to hell,
 And on the verge of that dark, dreadful pit
 Did hear them yell,
 But O thy love ! thy rich, almighty love
 That sav'd my soul,
 And checkt their furie, when I saw them move,
 And heard them howl ;
 O my sole Comfort, take no more these wayes,
 This hideous path,
 And I wil mend my own without delayes,
 Cease thou thy wrath !
 I have deserv'd a thick, Egyptian damp,
 Dark as my deeds,
 I should *mist* within me, and put out that lamp
 Thy spirit feeds ;
 My darting Conscience full of stabs, and fears ;
 No shade but *Yewgh*,
 Mullen, and sad Ecclipses, Cloudie spheres,
 These are my due.
 But he that with his blood, (a price too deere,)
 My scores did pay,
 And me, by vertue from him, challenge here
 The brightest day ;
 Sweet, downie thoughts ; soft *Lilly*-shades ; Calm streams ;
 Joyes full, and true ;
 Fresh, spicie mornings ; and eternal beams
 These are his due.

The Resolve.

I Have consider'd it ; and find
 A longer stay
 Is but excus'd neglect. To mind
 One path, and stray
 Into another, o' to none,
 Cannot be love ;
 When shal that traveller come home,
 That will not move ?
 If thou wouldst thither, linger not,
 Catch at the place,
 Tell youth, and beauty they must rot,
 They'r but a *Case* ;
 Loose, parcell'd hearts wil freeze: The Sun
 With scatter'd locks
 Scarce warms, but by contraction
 Can heat rocks ;
 Call in thy *Powers* ; run, and reach
 Home with the light,
 Be there, before the shadows stretch,
 And *Span* up night ;
 Follow the *Cry* no more : there is
 An ancient way
 All strewd with flowres, and happiness
 And fresh as *May* ;
 There turn, and turn no more ; Let wits,
 Smile at fair eies,
 Or lips ; But who there weeping sits,
 Hath got the *Prize*.

The Match.

Dear friend ! whose holy, ever-living lines
 Have done much good
 To many, and have checkt my blood,
 My fierce, wild blood that still heaves, and inclines,
 But is still tam'd
 By those bright fires which thee inflam'd ;
 Here I joyn hands, and thrust my stubborn heart
 Into thy *Deed*,
 There from no *Duties* to be freed,
 And if hereafter *youth*, or *folly* thwart
 And claim their share,
 Here I renounce the pois'nous ware.

ii

Accept, dread Lord, the poor Oblation,
 'Tis but poore,
 Yet through thy Mercies may be more.
 O thou ! that canst not wish my souls damnation,
 Afford me life,
 And save me from all inward strife !
 Two *Lives* I hold from thee, my gracious Lord,
 Both cost thee dear,
 For one, I am thy Tenant here ;
 The other, the true life, in the next world
 And endless is,
 O let me still mind *that in this* !
 To thee therefore my *Thoughts, words, Actions*
 I do resign,
 Thy will in all be done, not mine.
 Settle my *house*, and shut out all distractions
 That may unknit
 My heart, and thee planted in it ;

Lord *Jesu*! thou didst bow thy blessed head

Upon a tree,

O do as much, now unto me !

O hear, and heal thy servant ! Lord, strike dead

All lusts in me,

Who onely wish life to serve thee?

Suffer no more this dust to overflow

And drown my eies,

But seal, or pin them to thy skies.

And let this grain which here in tears I sow

Though *dead*, and *sick*,

Through thy *Increase* grow *new*, and *quick*.

Rules and Lessons.

When first thy Eies unveil, give thy Soul leave

To do the like; our Bodies but forerun

The spirits duty ; True hearts spread, and heave

Unto their God, as flow'rs do to the Sun.

Give him thy first thoughts then ; so shalt thou keep

Him company all day, and in him sleep.

Yet, never sleep the Sun up ; Prayer shou'd

Dawn with the day ; There are set, awful hours

'Twixt heaven, and us ; The *Manna* was not good

After Sun-rising, far-day sullies flowres.

Rise to prevent the Sun ; sleep doth sins glut,

And heav'n's gate opens, when this world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures : note the *busb*

And *whispers* amongst them. There's not a *Spring*,

Or *Leafe* but hath his *Morning-hymn* ; Each *Bush*

And *Oak* doth know *I AM* ; canst thou not sing ?

O leave thy Cares, and follies ! go this way

And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world ; let him not go
 Until thou hast a blessing, then resigne
 The whole unto him ; and remember who
 Prevail'd by *wrestling* ere the Sun did *shine*.
 Poure *Oyle* upon the *stones*, weep for thy sin,
 Then journey on, and have an eie to heav'n.

Mornings are *Mysteries* ; the first worlds *Youth*,
 Mans *Resurrection*, and the futures *Bud*
 Shrowd in their births : The Crown of life, light, truth
 Is stil'd their *starre*, the *stone*, and *hidden food*.
 Three *blessings* wait upon them, two of which
 Should move ; They make us *holy*, *happy*, rich.

When the world's up, and ev'ry swarm abroad,
 Keep thou thy temper, mix not with each Clay ;
 Dispatch necessities, life hath a load
 Which must be carri'd on, and safely may.
 Yet keep those cares without thee, let the heart
 Be Gods alone, and choose the better part.

Through all thy *Actions*, *Counsels*, and *Discourse*,
 Let *Mildness*, and *Religion* guide thee out,
 If truth be thine, what needs a brutish force ?
 But what's not *good*, and *just* ne'r go about.
 Wrong not thy Conscience for a rotten stick,
 That gain is dreadful, which makes spirits sick.

To God, thy Countrie, and thy friend be true,
 If *Priest*, and *People* change, keep thou thy ground,
 Who sels Religion, is a *judas Jew*,
 And, oathes once broke, the soul cannot be found.
 The perjurers a devil let loose : what can
 Tie up his hands, that dares mock God, and man ?

Seek not the same steps with the *Crowd* ; stick thou
 To thy sure trot ; a Constant, humble mind
 Is both his own Joy, and his Makers too ;
 Let folly dust it on, or lag behind.

A sweet *self-privacy* in a right soul
Out-runs the Earth, and lines the utmost pole.

To all that seek thee, bear an open heart ;
Make not thy breast a *Labyrinth*, or *Trap* ;
If tryals come, this wil make good thy part ,
For honesty is safe, come what can hap ;
It is the good mans *feast* ; The prince of flowres
Which thrives in *storms*, and smells best after *showres*.

Seal not thy Eyes up from the poor, but give
Proportion to their *Merits*, and thy *Purse* ;
Thou mai'st in Rags a mighty Prince relieve
Who, when thy sins call for't, can fence a Curse.
Thou shalt not lose one *mite*. Though waters stray,
The Bread we cast returns in fraughts one day.

Spend not an hour so, as to weep another,
For tears are not thine own ; If thou giv'st words
Dash not thy *friend*, nor *Heav'n* ; O smother
A vip'rous thought ; some *Syllables* are *Swords*.
Unbitted tongues are in their penance double,
They shame their *owners*, and the *heavens* trouble.

Injure not modest blood, whose *spirits* rise
In judgement against *Lewdness* ; that's base wit
That voyds but *filth*, and *fench*. Hast thou no prize
But *sickness*, or *Infection* ? stifle it.
Who makes his jests of sins, must be at least
If not a very *devill*, worse than a *Beast*.

Yet, fly no friend, if he be such indeed,
But meet to quench his *Longings*, and thy *Thirst* ;
Allow your Joyes *Religion* ; That done, speed
And bring the same man back, thou wert all first.
Who so returns not, cannot pray aright,
But shuts his door, and leaves God out all night.

To highten thy *Devotions*, and keep low
All mutinous thoughts, what busines e'r thou hast
Observe God in his works ; here *fountains* flow,
Birds sing, *Beasts* feed, *Fish* leap, and th' *Earth* stands fast;
Above are restless *motions*, running *Lights*,
Vast Circling *Azure*, giddy *Clouds*, days, nights.

When *Seasons* change, then lay before thine Eys
His wondrous *Method* ; mark the various *Scenes*
In heav'n ; *Hail*, *Thunder*, *Rain-bows*, *Snow*, and *Ice*,
Calmes, *Tempests*, *Light*, and *darknes* by his means ;
Thou canst not misse his Praise; Each *tree*, *herb*, *flowre*
Are shadows of his *wisedome*, and his Pow'r.

To *meales* when thou doest come, give him the praise
Whose *Arm* supply'd thee ; Take what may suffice,
And then be thankful ; O admire his ways
Who fills the worlds unempty'd granaries !
A thankles feeder is a *Theif*, his feast
A very *Robbery*, and himself no *guest*.

High-noon thus past, thy time decays ; provide
Thee other thoughts ; Away with friends, and mirth ;
The Sun now stoops, and hasts his beams to hide
Under the dark, and melancholy Earth.
All but preludes thy End. Thou art the man
Whose *Rise*, *hight*, and *Descent* is but a span.

Yet, set as he doth, and 'tis well. Have all
Thy Beams home with thee ; trim thy *Lamp*, buy *Oyl*,
And then set forth ; who is thus drest, The *Fall*
Furtheres his glory, and gives death the foyle.
Man is a *Summers day* ; whose *youth*, and *fire*
Cool to a glorions *Evening*, and *Expire*.

When night comes, list thy deeds ; make plain the way
'Twixt Heaven, and thee ; block it not with delays,
But perfect all before thou sleep'st ; Then say
Ther's one *Sun* more strung on my *Lead* of days.

What's

What's good score up for Joy ; The bad wel scann'd
Wash off with tears, and get thy *Masters* hand.

Thy Accounts thus made, spend in the grave one houre
Before thy time ; Be not a stranger there
Where thou may'st sleep whole ages ; Lifes poor flouwr
Lasts not a night sometimes. Bad spirits fear
This Coverfation ; But the good man lyes
Intomb'd many days before he dyes.

Being laid, and drest for sleep, Close not thy Eys
Up with thy Curtains ; Give thy soul the wing
In some good thoughts ; So when the day shall rise
And thou *unrak'st* thy fire, those *sparks* will bring
New flames ; Besides where these lodge vain *heats* mourn
And die ; That *Bush* where God is, shall not burn.

When thy Nap's over, stir thy fire, unrake
In that *dead age* ; one beam i'th' dark ourvies
Two in the day ; Then from the *Damps*, and *Ake*
Of night shut up thy *leaves*, be Chast ; God prys
Through thickest nights ; Though then the Sun be far
Do thou the works of Day, and rise a *Star*.

Briefly, Doe as thou would'st be done unto,
Love God, and Love thy Neighbour ; watch, and Pray.
These are the words, and works of life ; This do,
And live ; who doth not thus, hath lost *Heav'ns way*.
O lose it not ! look up, wilt Change those *Lights*
For *Chains* of *Darknes*, and *Eternal Nights* ?

Corruption.

Sure, It was so. Man in those early days
 Was not all stone, and Earth,
 He shin'd a little, and by those weak Rays
 Had some glimpse of his birth.
 He saw Heaven o'r his head, and knew from whence
 He came (condemned,) hither,
 And, as first Love draws strongest, so from hence
 His mind sure progress'd thither.
 Things here were strange unto him : Swer, and till
 All was a thorn, or weed,
 Nor did those last, but (like himself,) dyed still
 As soon as they did Seed,
 They seem'd to quarrel with him ; for that Act
 That fel him, foyl'd them all,
 He drew the Curse upon the world, and Crackt
 The whole frame with his fall.
 This made him long for home, as loath to stay
 With murmurers, and foes;
 He sigh'd for Eden, and would often say
Ah ! what bright days were those ?
 Nor was Heav'n cold unto him ; for each day
 The vally, or the Mountain
 Afforded visits, and still Paradise lay
 In some green shade, or fountain.
 Angels lay Leiger here ; Each Bush, and Cel,
 Each Oke, and high-way knew them,
 Walk but the fields, or sit down at some *well*,
 And he was sure to view them.
 Almighty Love ! where art thou now ? mad man
 Sits down, and freezeth on,
 He raves, and swears to stir nor fire, nor fan,
 But bids the thread be spun.

I see, thy Curtains are Close-drawn ; Thy bow
 Looks dim too in the Cloud,
 Sin triumphs still, and man is sunk below
 The Center, and his shroud ;
 All's in deep sleep, and night ; Thick darknes lyes
 And harcheth o'r thy people ;
 But hark ! what trumpets that ? what Angel cries
Arise ! Thrust in thy sickle.

H. Scriptures.

Welcome dear book, souls Joy, and food ! The feast
 Of Spirits, Heav'n extracted lyes in thee ;
 Thou art lifes Charter, The Doves spotless nest
 Where souls are hatch'd unto Eternitie.

In thee the hidden stone, the *Manna* lies,
 Thou art the great *Elixir*, rare, and Choice ;
 The Key that opens to all Mysteries,
 The *Word* in Characters, God in the *Voice*,

That I had deep Cut in my hard heart
 Each line in thee ! Then would I plead in groans
 Of my Lords penning, and by sweetest Art
 Return upon himself the *Law*, and *Stones*.
 Read here, my faults are thine. This Book, and I
 Will tell thee so ; *Sweet Saviour thou didst dye !*

Unprofitableness

Unprofitableness.

How rich, O Lord ! how fresh thy visits are !
 'Twas but just now my bleak leaves hopeless hung
 Sully'd with dust and mud ;
 Each snarling blast shot through me, and did share
 Their Youth, and beauty, Cold showres nipt, and wrung
 Their spiciness, and bloud ;
 But since thou didst in one sweet glance survey
 Their sad decays, I flourish, and once more
 Breath all perfumes, and spice ;
 I smell a dew like *Myrrh*, and all the day
 Wear in my bosome a full Sun ; such store
 Hath one beame from thy Eys.
 But, ah, my God ! what fruit hast thou of this ?
 What one poor leaf did ever I yet fall
 To wait upon thy wreath ?
 Thus thou all day a thankless weed dost dress,
 And when th' hast done, a stench, or fog is all
 The odour I bequeath.

C H R I S T S Nativity.

AWake, glad heart ! get up, and Sing,
 It is the Birth-day of thy King,
 Awake ! awake !
 The Sun doth shake
 Light from his locks, and all the way
 Breathing Perfumes, doth spice the day.

Awake

2.

Awak, awak! heark, how th' *wood* fings,
winds whisper, and the busie *spring*s
 A Consort make;
 A wake, awake!
 Man is their high-priest, and should rise
 To offer up the sacrifice.

3.

I would I were some *Bird*, or *Star*,
 Flutt'ring in woods, or lifted far
 Above this *Inne*
 And Rode of sin!
 Then either *Star*, or *Bird*, should be
 Shining, or finging still to thee.

4.

I would I had in my best part
 Fit Roomes for thee! or that my heart
 Were so clean as
 Thy manger was!
 But I am all filth, and obscene,
 Yet, if thou wilt, thou canst make clean.

5.

Sweet *Jesu*! will then; Let no more
 This Leper haunt, and soyl thy door,
 Cure him, Ease him
 O release him!
 And let once more by mystick birth
 The Lord of life be borne in Earth.

I I.

How kind is heav'n to man ! If here
 One sinner doth amend
 Strait there is Joy, and ev'ry sphere
 In musick doth Contend ;
 And shall we then no voices list ?
 Are mercy, and salvation
 Not worth our thanks ? Is life a gift
 Of no more acceptance ?
 Shall he that did come down from thence,
 And here for us was slain,
 Shall he be now cast off ? no sense
 Of all his woes remain ?
 Can neither Love, nor suff'rings bind ?
 Are we all stone, and Earth ?
 Neither his bloody passions mind,
 Nor one day bless'd his birth ?
 Alas, my God ! Thy birth now here
 Must not be numbred in the year.

The Check.

Peace, peace ! I blush to hear thee ; when thou art
 A dusty story
 A speechless heap, and in the midst my heart
 In the same livery drest
 Lyes tame as all the rest ;
 When six years thence digg'd up, some youthfull Eye
 Seeks there for Symmetry
 But finding none, shall leave thee to the wind,
 Or the next foot to Crush,
 Scatt'ring thy kind
 And humble dust, tell then dear flesh
 Where is thy glory ?

2.

As he that in the midst of day Expects
 The hideous night,
 Sleeps not, but shaking off sloth, and neglects,
 Works with the Sun, and sets
 Paying the day its debts ;
 That (for Repose, and darknes bound,) he might
 Rest from the fears i'th' night ;
 So should we too. All things teach us to die
 And point us out the way
 While we passe by
 And mind it not ; play not away
 Thy glimpse of light.

3.

View thy fore-runners : Creatures giv'n to be
 Thy youths Companions,
 Take their leave, and die ; Birds, beasts, each tree
 All that have growth, or breath
 Have one large language, *Death*.
 O then play not ! but strive to him, who Can
 Make these sad shades pure Sun,
 Turning their mists to beams, their damps to day,
 Whose pow'r doth so excell
 As to make Clay
 A spirit, and true glory dwell
 In dust, and stones.

4.

Heark, how he doth Invite thee ! with what voice
 Of Love, and sorrow
 He begs, and Calls ; *O that in these thy days*
 Thou knew'st but thy own good !
 Shall not the Cry of blood,
 Of Gods own blood awake thee ? He bids beware
 Of drunknes, surfeits, Care,
 But thou sleep'st on ; wher's new thy protestation,
 'Thy Lines, thy Love ? Away,
 Redeem the day,
 The day that gives no observation,
 Perhaps to morrow.

Disorder

Disorder and frailty.

WHen first thou didst even from the grave
 And womb of darknes becken out
 My brutish soul, and to thy slave
 Becam'st thy self, both guide, and Scout ;
 Even from that hour
 Thou gotst my heart ; And though here tost
 By winds, and bit with frost
 I pine, and shrink
 Breaking the link
 'Twixt thee, and me ; And oftimes creep
 Into th' old silence, and dead sleep,
 Quitting thy way
 All the long day,
 Yet, sure, my God ! I love thee most.
Alas, thy love !

2.

I threaten heaven, and from my Cell
 Of Clay, and frailty break, and bud
 Touch'd by thy fire, and breath ; Thy bloud
 Too, is my Dew, and springing wel.
 But while I grow
 And stretch to thee, ayming at all
 Thy stars, and spangled hall,
 Each fly doth tast
 Poyson, and blast
 My yielding leaves ; sometimes a shower
 Beats them quite off, and in an hour
 Not one poor shoot
 But the bare root
 Hid under ground survives the fall,
Alas, frail weed !

E

E.

Thus

3.

Thus like some sleeping Exhalation
 (Which wak'd by heat, and beams, makes up
 Unto that Comforter, the Sun,
 And soars, and shines; But e'r we sup
 And walk two steps
 Cool'd by the damps of night, descends,
 And, whence it sprung, there ends,)
 Doth my weak fire
 Pine, and retire,
 And (after all my hight of flames,)
 In sickly Expirations tames
 Leaving me dead
 On my first bed
 Untill thy Sun again ascends.
 Poor, falling Star!

4.

O, is! but give wings to my fire,
 And hatch my soul, untill it fly
 Up where thou art, amongst thy tire
 Of Stars, above Infirmary;
 Let not perverse,
 And foolish thoughts adde to my Bil
 Of forward sins, and Kil
 That seed, which thou
 In me didst sow,
 But dresse, and water with thy grace
 Together with the seed, the place;
 And for his sake
 Who died to stake
 His life for mine, tune to thy will
 My heart, my verse.

Hosea Cap. 6. ver. 4.

*O Ephraim what shall I do unto thee? O Judah how shall
 I intreat thee? for thy goodness is as a morning cloud, and
 the early Dew it goeth away.*

Idle Verse.

Go, go, quaint folies, sugred sin,
Shadow no more my door;
I will no longer Cobwebs spin,
I'm too much on the score.

For since amidst my youth; and night,
My great preserver smiles,
Wee'l make a Match, my only light,
And Joyn against their wiles;

Blind, desp'rate fits, that study how
To dresse, and trim out shame,
That gild rank poyson, and allow
Vice in a fairer name;

The Purles of youthfull bloud, and bowles,
Lust in the Robes of Love,
The idle talk of feav'rish souls
Sick with a scarf, or glove;

Let it suffice my warmer days
Simper'd, and shin'd on you,
Twist not my Cypresse with your Bays,
Or Roses with my Yewgh;

Go, go, seek out some greener thing,
It snows, and freezeth here;
Let Nightringales attend the spring,
Winter is all my year.

Son-dayes.

BRIGHT shadows of true Rest ! some shoots of blisse,
Heaven once a week ;
The next worlds gladnes prepossest in this ;
A day to seek ;

Eternity in time ; the steps by which
We Climb above all ages ; Lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days ; and the rich,
And full redemption of the whole weeks flight.

2.

The Pulleys unto headlong man ; times bower ;
The narrow way ;
Transplanted Paradise ; Gods walking houre ;
The Cool o'th' day ;

The Creatures jubile ; Gods parle with dust ;
Heaven here ; Man on those hills of Myrrh, and flowres ;
Angels descending ; the Returns of Trust ;
A Gleam of glory, after six-days-showres.

3.

The Churches love-feasts ; Times Prerogative,
And Interest
Deducted from the whole; The Combs, and hive,
And home of rest.

The milky way Chalkt out with Suns ; a Clue
That guides through erring hours ; and in full story
A taste of Heav'n on earth ; the pledge, and Cue
Of a full feast ; And the Our Courts of glory.

Repentance

Repentance.

Lord, since thou didst in this vile Clay
 That sacred Ray
 Thy Spirit plant, quickning the whole
 With that one grains Infused wealth,
 My forward flesh crept on, and subtly stole
 Both growth, and power; Checking the health
 And heat of thine : That little gate
 And narrow way, by which to thee
 The Passage is, He term'd a grate
 And Entrance to Captivitie ;
 Thy laws but nets, where some small birds
 (And those but seldome too) were caught,
 Thy Promises but empty words
 Which none but Children heard, or taught.
 This I believed : And though a friend
 Came oft from far, and whisper'd, No ;
 Yet that not sorting to my end
 I wholly listen'd to my foe.
 Wherefore, pierc'd through with grief, my sad
 Seduced soul sighs up to thee,
 To thee who with true light art Glad
 And seest all things just as they be.
 Look from thy throne upon this Rowl
 Of heavy sins, my high transgressions,
 Which I Contesse withall my soul,
 My God, Accept of my Confession.

It was last day
 (Touch'd with the guilt of my own way)
 I fate alone, and taking up

The bitter Cup,
 Through all thy fair, and various store
 Sought out what might outvie my score.

The blades of grass, thy Creatures feeding,
 The trees, their leaves ; the flowres, their seeding ;

The Dust, of which I am a part,
 The Stones much softer than my heart,
 The drops of rain, the sighs of wind,
 The Stars to which I am stark blind,
 The Dew thy herbs drink up by night,
 The beams they warm them at i'th' light,
 All that have signature or life,
 I summon'd to decide this strife,
 And lest I should lack for Arrears,
 A spring ran by, I told her tears,
 But when these came unto the scale,
 My sins alone outweigh'd them all.

O my dear God ! my life, my love !
 Most blessed lamb ! and mildest dove !
 Forgive your penitent Offender,
 And no more his sins remember,
 Scatter these shades of death, and give
 Light to my soul, that it may live ;
 Cut me not off for my transgressions,
 Wilful rebellions, and suppressions,
 But give them in those streams a part
 Whose spring is in my Saviours heart.
 Lord, I confesse the heynous score,
 And pray, I may do so no more,
 Though then all sinners I exceed
 O think on this ; *Thy Son did bleed* ;
 O call to mind his wounds, his woes,
 His Agony, and bloody throws ;
 Then look on all that thou hast made,
 And mark how they do fail, and fade,
 The heavens themselves, though fair and bright
 Are dark, and unclean in thy sight,
 How then, with thee, Can man be holy
 Who dost thine Angels charge with folly?
 O what am I, that I should breed
 Figs on a thorne, flowres on a weed !
 I am the gourd of sin, and sorrow
 Growing o'r night, and gone to morrow,

In all this *Round* of life and death
 Nothing's more vile than is my breath,
 Profanenes on my tongue doth rest,
 Defects, and darknes in my brest,
 Pollutions all my body wed,
 And even my soul to thee is dead;
 Only in him, on whom I feast,
 Both soul, and body are well drest,
 His pure perfection quits all score,
 And fills the Boxes of his poor;
 He is the Center of long life, and light,
 I am but finite, He is Infinite.
 O let thy *Justice* then in him Confine,
 And through his merits, make thy mercy mine!

The B U R I A L Of an Infant.

BLeft Infant Bud, whose Blossome-life
 Did only look about, and fal,
 Wearyed out in a harmles strife
 Of tears, and milk, the food of all;

Sweetly didst thou expire: Thy soul
 Flew home unstain'd by his new kin,
 For ere thou knew'st how to be foul,
 Death *wean'd* thee from the world, and sin.

Softly rest all thy Virgin-Crums!
 Lapt in the sweets of thy young breath,
 Expecting till thy Saviour Comes
 To *dress* them, and *unswadde* death.

Faith.

BRight, and blest beame ! whose strong projection
 Equall to all,
 Reacheth as well things of dejection
 As th' high, and tall ;
 How hath my God by raying thee
 Inlarg'd his spouse,
 And of a private familie
 Made open house ?
 All may be now Co-heirs; no noise
 Of *Bond*, or *Free*
 Can Interdict us from those Joys
 That wait on thee,
 The Law, and Ceremonies made
 A glorious night,
 Where Stars, and Clouds, both light, and shade
 Had equal right ;
 But, as in nature, when the day
 Breaks, night adjourns,
 Stars shut up shop, mists pack away,
 And the Moon mourns ;
 So when the Sun of righteousness
 Did once appear,
 That Scene was chang'd, and a new dresse
 Left for us here;
 Veiles became useles, Altars sel,
 Fires smoking die ;
 And all that sacred pomp, and shel
 Of things did flie ;
 Then did he shine forth, whose sad fall,
 And bitter fights
 Were figur'd in those mystical,
 And Cloudie Rites ;

'And as i'th' natural Sun, these three,
Light, motion, beat,
 So are now *Faith, Hope, Charity*
 Through him Compleat;
 Faith spans up blisse; what sin, and death
 Put us quite from,
 Left we should run for't out of breath,
 Faith brings us home;
 So that I need no more, but say
I do believe,
 And my most loving Lord straitway
 doth answer, *Live.*

The Dawning.

AH! what time wilt thou come? when shall that crie
 The *Bridegroom's Comming*! fill the sky?
 Shall it in the Evening run
 When our words and works are done?
 Or wil thy all-surprizing light
 Break at midnight?
 When either sleep, or some dark pleasure
 Possesseth mad man without measure;
 Or shal these early, fragrant hours
 Unlock thy bowres?
 And with their blush of light descry
 Thy locks crown'd with eternitie;
 Indeed, it is the only time
 That with thy glory doth best chime,
 All now are stirring, ev'ry field
 Ful hymns doth yield,
 The whole Creation shakes off night,
 And for thy shadow looks the light,
 Stars now vanish without number,
 Sleepie Planets set, and slumber,

The

And

The pursie Clouds disband, and scatter,
 All expect some sudden marter,
 Not one beam triumphs, but from far
 That morning-star ;

O at what time soever thou
 (Unknown to us,) the heavens wilt bow,
 And, with thy Angels in the *Van*,
 Descend to Judge poor careless man,
 Grant, I may not like puddle lie
 In a Corrupt securitie,
 Where, if a traveller water crave,
 He finds it dead, and in a grave ;
 But as this restless, vocall *Spring*
 All day, and night doth run, and sing,
 And though here born, yet is acquainted
 Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted ;
 So let me all my busie age
 In thy free services ingage,
 And though (while here) of force I must
 Have Commerce somtimes with poor dust,
 And in my flesh, though vile, and low,
 As this doth in her Channel, flow,
 Yet let my Course, my aym, my Love,
 And chief acquaintance be above ;
 So when that day, and hour shal come
 In which thy self wil be the Sun,
 Thou'lt find me drest and on my way,
 Watching the Break of thy great day.

Admission.

Admission.

How shril are silent tears? when sin got head
 And all my Bowels turn'd
 To brass, and iron ; when my stock lay dead,
 And all my powers mourn'd;
 Then did these drops (for Marble swears,
 And Rocks have tears,)
 As rain here at our windows bears,
 Chide in thine Ears ;

2.

No quiet couldst thou have ; nor didst thou wink,
 And let thy Begger lie,
 But e'r my eies could overflow their brink
 Didst to each drop reply ;
 Bowels of Love ! at what low rate ;
 And slight a price
 Dost thou relieve us at thy gate,
 And stil our Cries ?

3.

Wee are thy Infants, and suck thee ; If thou
 But hide, or turn thy face,
 Because where thou art, yet, we cannot go,
 We send tears to the place,
 These find thee out, and though our sins
 Drove thee away,
 Yet with thy love that absence wins
 Us double pay.

4.

O give me then a thankful heart ! a heart
 After thy own, not mine ;
 So after thine, that all, and ev'ry part
 Of mine, may wait on thine ;

O hear ! yet not my tears alone,
 Hear now a flood,
 A flood that drowns both tears, and groines,
 My Saviours blood.

Praise.

King of Comforts ! King of life !
 Thou hast cheer'd me,
 And when fears, and doubts were rife,
 Thou hast cleer'd me !

Not a nook in all my Breast
 But thou fill'st it,
 Not a thought, that breaks my rest,
 But thou kill'st it ;

Wherefore with my utmost strength
 I wil praise thee,
 And as thou giv'st line, and length,
 I wil raise thee ;

Day, and night, not once a day
 I will blesse thee,
 And my soul in new array
 I will dresse thee ;

Not one minute in the year
 But I'l mind thee,
 As my seal, and bracelet here
 I wil bind thee ;

In thy word, as if in heaven
 I wil rest me,
 And thy promise 'til made even
 There shall feast me.

Then

Then, thy sayings all my life
They shal please me,
And thy bloudy wounds, and strife
They wil ease me ;

With thy grones my daily breath
I will measure,
And my life hid in thy death
I will treasure.

Though then thou art
Past thought of heart
All perfect fulness,
And canst no whit
Accesse admit
From dust and dulness ;

Yet to thy name
(as not the same
With thy bright Essence,)
Our foul, Clay hands
At thy Commands
Bring praise, and Incense ;

If then, dread Lord,
When to thy board
Thy wretch comes begging,
He hath a flowre
Or (to his pow'r,)
Some such poor Off'ring ;

When thou hast made
Thy begger glad,
And fill'd his bosome,
Let him (though poor,)
Strow at thy door
That one poor Blossome.

Dressing?

Dressing.

O Thou that lovest a pure, and whitend soul !
 That feedst among the Lillies, 'till the day
 Break, and the shadows flee ; touch with one Coal
 My frozen heart ; and with thy secret key

Open my desolate rooms ; my gloomie Brest
 With thy cleer fire refine, burning to dust
 These dark Confusions, that within me nest,
 And soyl thy Temple with a sinful rust.

Thou holy, harmless, undefil'd high-priest !
 The perfect, ful oblation for all sin,
 Whose glorious conquest nothing can resist,
 But even in babes doest triumph still and win ;

Give to thy wretched one
 Thy mysticall *Communion*,
 That, absent, he may see,
 Live, die, and rise with thee ;
 Let him so follow here, that in the end
 He may take thee, as thou doest him intend,

Give him thy private seal,
 Earnest, and sign ; Thy gifts so deal
 That these forerunners here
 May make the future cleer ;
 Whatever thou dost bid, let faith make good,
 Bread for thy body, and Wine for thy blood.
 Give him (with pittie) love,
 Two flowres that grew with thee above ;
 Love that shal not admit
 Anger for one short fit,
 And pittie of such a divine extent
 That may thy members, more than mine, resent.

Give me, my God! thy grace,
 The beams, and brightness of thy face,
 That never like a beast
 I take thy sacred feast,
 Or the dread mysteries of thy blest bloud
 Use, with like Custome, as my Kitchin food.
 Some sit to thee, and eat
 Thy body as their Common meat,
 O let not me do so!
 Poor dust should ly still low,
 Then kneel my soul, and body; kneel, and bow;
 If *Saints*, and *Angels* fall down, much more thou.

Easter-day.

Thou, whose sad heart, and weeping head lyes low,
 Whose Cloudy breast cold damps invade,
 Who never feel'st the Sun, nor smooth'st thy brow,
 But sitt'st oppressed in the shade,
 Awake, awake,
 And in his Resurrection partake,
 Who on this day (that thou might'st rise as he,)
 Rose up, and cancell'd two deaths due to thee.

Awake, awake; and, like the Sun, disperse
 All mists that would usurp this day;
 Where are thy Palmes, thy branches, and thy verse?
Hosanna! heark; why dost thou stay?
 Arise, arise,
 And with his healing bloud anoint thine Eys,
 Thy inward Eys; his bloud will cure thy mind,
 Whose spittle only could restore the blind.

Easter-

Easter Hymn.

DEath, and darkness get you packing,
 Nothing now to man is lacking,
 All your triumphs now are ended,
 And what *Adam* marr'd, is mended ;
 Graves are beds now for the weary,
 Death a nap, to wake more merry ;
 Youth now, full of pious duty,
 Seeks in thee for perfect beauty,
 The weak, and aged tir'd, with length
 Of daies, from thee look for new strength,
 And Infants with thy pangs Contest
 As pleasant, as if with the brest ;
 Then, unto him, who thus hath thrown
 Even to Contempt thy kingdome down,
 And by his blood did us advance
 Unto his own Inheritance,
 To him be glory, power, praise,
 From this, unto the last of daies.

The Holy Communion.

Welcome sweet, and sacred feast ; welcome life !
 Dead I was, and deep in trouble ;
 But grace, and blessings came with thee so rife,
 That they have quicken'd even drie stubble ;
 Thus soules their bodies animate,
 And thus, at first, when things were rude,
 Dark, void, and Crude
 They, by thy Word, their beauty had, and date ;
 All were by thee,
 And stil must be,

Nothing

Nothing that is, or lives,
But hath his Quicknings, and reprieves
As thy hand opes, or shuts ;
Healings, and Curs,
Darkness, and day-light, life, and death
Are but meer leaves turn'd by thy breath.
Spirits without thee die,
And blackness sits
On the divinest wits,
As on the Sun Ecclipses lie.
But that great darkness at thy death
When the veyl broke with thy last breath,
Did make us see
The way to thee ;
And now by these sure, sacred ties,
After thy blood
(Our sov'rain good,)
Had clear'd our eies,
And given us sight ;
Thou dost unto thy self betroth
Our souls, and bodies both
In everlasting light.

Was't not enough that thou hadst paid the price
And given us eies
When we had none, but thou must also take
Us by the hand
And keep us still awake,
When we would sleep,
Or from thee creep,
Who without thee cannot stand ?

Was't not enough to lose thy breath
And blood by an accursed death,
But thou must also leave
To us that did bereave
Thee of them both, these seals the means
That should both cleanse

F

And

And keep us so,
 Who wrought thy wo?
 O rose of *Sharon*! O the Lilly
 Of the valley!
 How art thou now, thy flock to keep,
 Become both *food*, and *Shepherd* to thy sheep!

Psalm 121.

UP to those bright, and gladsome hills
 Whence flowes my weal, and mirth,
 I look, and sigh for him, who firs
 (Unseen,) both heaven, and earth.

He is alone my help, and hope,
 that I shall not be moved,
 His watchful Eye is ever ope,
 And guardeth his beloved;

The glorious God is my sole stay,
 He is my Sun, and shade,
 The cold by night, the heat by day,
 Neither shall me invade.

He keeps me from the spite of foes,
 Doth all their plots controul,
 And is a shield (not reckoning those,)
 Unto my very soul.

Whether abroad, amidst the Crowd,
 Or els within my door,
 He is my Pillar, and my Cloud,
 Now, and for evermore.

Affliction.

PEace, peace ; It is not so. Thou doest miscall
 Thy Physick ; Pils that change
 Thy sick Accessions into settled health,
 This is the great *Alixir* that turns gall
 To wine, and sweetness; Poverty to wealth,
 And brings man home, when he doth range.
 Did not he, who ordain'd the day,
 Ordain night too ?
 And in the greater world display
 What in the lesser he would do ?
 All flesh is Clay, thou know'st ; and but that God
 Doth use his rod,
 And by a fruitfull Change of frosts, and showres
 Cherish, and bind thy *pow'rs*,
 Thou wouldst to weeds, and thistles quite disperse;
 And be more wild than is thy verse ;
 Sicknes is wholesome, and Crosses are but curbs
 To check the mule, unruly man;
 They are heavens husbandry, the famous fan
 Purging the floor which Chaff disturbs.
 Were all the year one constant Sun-shine, wee
 should have no flowres,
 All would be droughe, and leanness ; not a tree
 would make us bowres ;
 Beauty consists in colours ; and that's best
 Which is not fixt, but flies, and flowes :
 The settled *Red* is dull, and *whites* that rest
 Something of sickness would disclose.
 Vicissitude plaies all the game,
 nothing that stirrs,
 Or hath a name,
 But waits upon this wheel,
 Kingdomes too have their Physick, and for steel,
 Exchange their peace, and furs.

Thus doth God Key disorder'd man
 (which none else can,)
 Tuning his brest to rise, or fall;
 And by a sacred, needfull art
 Like strings, stretch ev'ry part
 Making the whole most Muscall.

The Tempest.

HOW is man parcell'd out? how ev'ry hour
 Shews him himself, or somthing he should see?
 This late, long heat may his Instruction be,
 And tempests have more in them than a shower.

*When nature on her bosome saw
 Her Infants die,
 And all her flowers wither'd to straw,
 Her breasts grown dry;
 She made the Earth their nurse, & tomb,
 Sigh to the sky,
 'Til to those sighs fetch'd from her womb
 Rain did reply,
 So in the midst of all her fears
 And faint requests
 Her Earnest sighs procur'd her tears
 And fill'd her breasts.*

O that man could do so! that he would hear
 The world read to him! all the vast expence
 In the Creation shed, and slav'd to sence
 Makes up but lectures for his eie, and ear.

Sure, mighty love foreseeing the descent
 Of this poor Creature, by a gracious art
 Hid in these low things snares to gain his heart,
 And layd surprizes in each Element.

All things here shew him heaven ; *waters* that fall
Chide, and fly up ; *Mists* of corruptest some
Quit their first beds & mount ; trees, herbs, flowers, all
Strive upwards stil, and point him the way home.

How do they cast off grossness ? only *Earth*,
And *Man* (like *Issachar*) in lodes delight,
Water's refin'd to *Motion*, Aire to *Light*, * *Light*,
Fire to all * three, but man hath no such mirth. * *Motion*,
heat.

Plants in the root with *Earth* do most Comply,
Their *Leafs* with water, and humiditie,
The *Flowers* to air draw neer, and subtiltie,
And *seeds* a kinred fire have with the sky.

All have their *keyes*, and set *ascents* ; but man
Though he knows these, and hath more of his own,
Sleeps at the ladders foot ; alas ! what can
These new discoveries do, except they drown ?

Thus groveling in the shade, and darkness, he
Sinks to a dead oblivion ; and though all
He sees, (like *Pyramids*,) shoot from this ball
And less'ning still grow up invisibly,

Yet hugs he stil his durt ; The *stuffe* he wears
And painted trimming takes down both his eies,
Heaven hath less beauty than the dust he spies,
And money better musick than the *Spheres*.

Life's but a blast, he knows it ; what ? shal straw,
And bul-rush-fetters temper his short hour ?
Must he nor sip, nor sing ? grows ne'r a flower
To crown his temples ? shal dreams be his law ?

O foolish man ! how hast thou lost thy sight ?
How is it that the Sun to thee alone
Is grown thick darkness, and thy bread, a stone ?
Hath flesh no softness now ? mid-day no light ?

Lord ! thou didst put a soul here ; If I must
 Be broke again, for flints will give no fire
 Without a steel, O let thy power cleer
 Thy gift once more, and grind this flint to dust !

Retirement.

Who on yon throne of Azure sits,
 Keeping close house
 Above the morning-starre,
 Whose meaner shewes,
 And outward utensils these glories are
 That shine and share
 Part of his mansion ; He one day
 When I went quite astray
 Out of meer love
 By his mild Dove
 Did shew me home, and put me in the way.

2.

Let it suffice at length thy fits
 And lusts (said he,)
 Have had their wish, and way ;
 Presse not to be
 Still thy own foe, and mine ; for to this day
 I did delay,
 And would not see, but chose to wink,
 Nay, at the very brink
 And edge of all
 When thou wouldst fall.
 My love-twist held thee up, my unseen link.

3.

I know thee well ; for I have fram'd
 And hate thee not,
 Thy spirit too is mine ;
 I know thy lot,
 Extent, and end, for my hands drew the line
 Assigned thine ;
 If then thou would'st unto my fear,
 'Tis not th' applause, and fear
 Of dust, and clay
 Leads to that way,
 But from those follies a resolv'd Retrear.

4.

Now here below where yet untam'd
 Thou doest thus rove
 I have a house as well
 As there above,
 In it my Name, and *honour* both do dwell
 And shall untill
 I make all new ; there nothing gay
 In perfumes, or Array,
 Dust lies with dust
 And hath but just
 The same Respect, and room, with ev'ry clay.

5.

A faithful school where thou maist see
 In Heraldrie
 Of stones, and speechless Earth
 Thy true descent ;
 Where dead men preach, who can turn feasts, and mirth
 To funerals, and *Lent*.
 There dust that out of doors might fill
 Thy eies, and blind thee still,
 Is fast asleep ;
 Up then, and keep
 Within those doors, (my doors) dost hear ? *I will.*

Love, and Discipline.

Since in a land not barren stil
 (Because thou dost thy grace distil,)
 My lott is faln, Blest be thy will !

And since these biting frosts but kil
 Some tares in me which choke, or spil
 That seed thou scw'st, Blest be thy skil !

Blest be thy Dew, and blest thy frost,
 And happy I to be so crost,
 And cur'd by Crosses at thy cost.

The Dew doth Cheer what is distrest,
 The frosts ill weeds nip, and molest,
 In both thou work'st unto the best.

Thus while thy sev'ral mercies plot,
 And work on me now cold, now hot,
 The work goes on, and slacketh not,

For as thy hand the weather steers,
 So thrive I best, 'twixt joyes, and tears,
 And all the year have some grean Ears.

The Pilgrimage.

As travellours when the twilight's come,
 And in the sky the stars appear,
 The past daies accidents do summe
 With, *Thus wee saw there, and thus here.*

Then *Jacob*-like lodge in a place
(A place, and no more, is set down,)
Where till the day restore the race
They rest and dream homes of their own.

So for this night I linger here,
And full of tossings roo and fro,
Expect stil when thou wilt appear
That I may get me up, and go.

I long, and grone, and grieve for thee,
For thee my words, my tears do gush,
O that I were but where I see!
Is all the note within my Bush.

As Birds rob'd of their native wood,
Although their Diet may be fine,
Yet neither sing, nor like their food,
But with the thought of home do pine;

So do I mourn, and hang my head,
And though thou dost me fullnes give,
Yet look I for far better bread
Because by this man cannot live.

O feed me then! and since I may
Have yet more days, more nights to Count,
So strengthen me, Lord, all the way,
That I may travel to thy Mount.

Heb. Cap. xi. ver. 13.

*And they Confessed, that they were strangers, and Pilgrims
on the earth.*

The Law, and the Gospel.

Lord, when thou didst on *Sinai* pitch
 And shine from *Paran*, when a fire Law
 Pronounc'd with thunder, and thy threats did thaw
 Thy Peoples hearts, when all thy weeds were rich
 And Inaccessible for light,
 Terrour, and might,
 How did poor flesh (which after thou didst weare,)
 Then faint, and fear!
 Thy Chosen flock, like leaves in a high wind,
 Whisper'd obedience, and their heads Inclin'd.

2.

But now since we to *Sion* came,
 And through thy bloud thy glory see,
 With filial Confidence we touch ev'n thee;
 And where the other mount all clad in flame,
 And threatening Clouds would not so much
 As 'bide the touch,
 We Climb up this, and have too all the way
 Thy hand our stay,
 Nay, thou tak'st ours, and (which full Comfort brings)
 Thy Dove too bears us on her sacred wings.

3.

Yet since man is a very brute
 And after all thy Acts of grace doth kick,
 Slighting that health thou gav'st, when he was sick,
 Be not displeas'd, If I, who have a sure
 To thee each houre, beg at thy door
 For this one more;
 O plant in me thy Gospel, and thy Law,
 Both Faith, and Awe;

So twist them in my heart, that ever there
I may as wel as *Love*, find too thy fear !

4.

Let me not spil, but drink thy bloud,
Not break thy fence, and by a black Excess
Force down a Just Curse, when thy hands would bless ;
Let me not scatter, and despise my food,
Or nail those blessed limbs again
Which bore my pain ;
So Shall thy mercies flow : for while I fear,
I know, thou'lt bear,
But should thy mild Injunction nothing move me,
I would both think, and Judge I did not love thee.

John Cap. 14, ver. 15.

If ye love me, keep my Commandements.

The World.

I Saw Eternity the other night
Like a great *King* of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright,
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years
Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd, In which the world
And all her train were hurl'd ;
The doting Lover in his quaintest strain
Did their Complain,
Neer him, his Lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wits so our delights,
With gloves, and knots the silly snares of pleasure
Yet his dear Treasure
All scatter'd lay, while he his eys did pour
Upon a flower.

The

2.

The darksome States-man hung with weights and woe
 Like a thick midnight-fog mov'd there so slow
 He did nor stay, nor go;
 Condemning thoughts (like sad Ecclipses) scowl
 Upon his soul,
 And Clouds of crying witnesses without
 Pursued him with one shout.
 Yet dig'd the Mole, and left his ways be found
 Workt under ground,
 Where he did Clutch his prey, but one did see
 That policie,
 Churches and altars fed him, Perjuries
 Were gnats and flies,
 It rain'd about him blond and tears, but he
 Drank them as free.

3.

The fearfull miser on a heap of rust
 Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust
 His own hands with the dust,
 Yet would not place one peece above, but lives
 In feare of theeves.
 Thousands there were as frantick as himself
 And hug'd each one his pelf,
 The down-right Epicure plac'd heav'n in sense
 And scornd pretence
 While others slipt into a wide Excesse
 Said little lesse;
 The weaker sort slight, triviall wares Inslave
 Who think them brave,
 And poor, despised truth sate Counting by
 Their victory.

4.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing, and weep, soar'd up into the Ring,
But most would use no wing.

O fools (said I,) thus to prefer dark night

Before true light,
To live in grotts, and caves, and hate the day
Because it shews the way,

The way which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God,

A way where you might tread the Sun, and be
More bright than he.

But as I did their madness so discusse

One whisper'd thus,

This Ring the Bride-groome did for none provide

But for his bride.

John Cap. 2. ver. 16, 17.

*All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the
Eys, and the pride of life, is not of the father, but is of the
world.*

*And the world passeth away, and the lusts thereof, but he
that doth the will of God abideth for ever.*

The Mutinie.

WEary of this same Clay, and straw, I laid
Me down to breath, and casting in my heart
The after-burthens, and griefs yet to come,
The heavy sum

So shook my brest, that (sick and sore dismay'd)
My thoughts, like water which some stone doth start

Did

Did quit their troubled Channel, and retire
 Unto the banks, where, storming at those bounds,
 They murmur'd fore ; But I, who felt them boyl
 And knew their Coyl,
 Turning to him, who made poor sand to tire
 And tame proud waves, If yet these barren grounds
 And thirstie brick must be (said I)
 My taske, and Destinie,

2.

Let me so strive and struggle with thy foes
 (Not thine alone, but mine too,) that when all
 Their Arts and force are built unto the height
 That Babel-weight
 May prove thy glory, and their shame ; so Close
 And knit me to thee, That though in this vale
 Of sin, and death I sojourn, yet one Eie
 May look to thee, To thee the finisher
 And Author of my faith ; so shew me home
 That all this forme
 And frothie noise which up and down doth flie
 May find no lodging in mine Eie, or Eare,
 O seal them up ! that these may flie
 Like other tempests by.

3.

Not but I know thou hast a shorter Cut
 To bring me home, than through a wilderness,
 A Sea, or Sands and Serpents ; Yet since thou
 (As thy words show)
 Though in this desert I were wholly shut,
 Canst light and lead me there with such redress
 That no decay shal touch me ; O be pleas'd
 To fix my steps, and whatsoever path
 Thy sacred and eternal wil decreed
 For thy bruis'd reed

O give it full obedience, that so seiz'd
Of all I have, I may nor move thy wrath
Nor grieve thy Dove, but soft and mild
Both live and die thy Child.

Revel. Cap. 2. ver. 17.

*To him that overcometh wil I give to ea'e of the hidden
Manna, and I wil give him a white stone, and in the stone a
new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that
receiveth it.*

The Constellation.

F Air, order'd lights (whose motion without noise
Resembles those true Joys
Whose spring is on that hill where you do grow
And we here tast sometimes below,)

With what exact obedience do you move
Now beneath, and now above,
And in your vast progressions overlook
The darkest night, and closest nook !

Some nights I see you in the gladsome East,
Some others neer the West,
And when I cannot see, yet do you shine
And beat about your endless line.

Silence, and light, and watchfulness with you
Attend and wind the Clue,
No sleep, nor sloth assailes you, but poor man
Still either sleeps, or slips his span.

He grops beneath here, and with restless Care
First makes, then hugs a snare,
Adores dead dust, sets heart on Corne and grass
But seldom doth make heav'n his glass.

Musick

Musick and mirth (if there be musick here)

Take up, and tune his year,
These things are Kin to him, and must be had,
Who kneels, or sighs a life is mad.

Perhaps some nights hee'l watch with you, and peep
When it were best to sleep,
Dares know Effects, and Judge them long before,
When th' herb he treads knows much, much more.

But seeks he your *Obedience, Order, Light,*
Your calm and wel-train'd flight,
Where, though the glory differ in each star,
Yet is there peace still, and no war?

Since plac'd by him who calls you by your names
And fixt there all your flames,
Without Command you never acted ought
And then you in your Courses fought.

But here Commission'd by a black self-wil
The sons the father kil,
The Children Chase the mother, and would heal
The wounds they give, by crying, zeale.

Then Cast her bloud, and tears upon thy book
Where they for fashion look,
And like that Lamb which had the Dragons voice
Seem mild, but are known by their noise.

Thus by our lusts disorder'd into wars
Our guides prove wandring stars,
Which for these mists, and black days were reserv'd,
What time we from our first love swerv'd.

Yet O for his sake who sits now by thee
All crown'd with victory,

So guide us through this Darknes, that we may
Be more and more in love with day;

Settle, and fix our hearts, that we may move
In order, peace, and love,
And taught obedience by thy whole Creation,
Become an humble, holy nation.

Give to thy spouse her perfect, and pure dress,
Beauty and holiness,
And so repair these Rents, that men may see
And say, *where God is, all agree.*

The Shepherds.

Sweet, harmless lives! (on whose holy leisure
Waits Innocence and pleasure,) Whose leaders to those pastures, and cleer springs;
Were *Patriarchs*, Saints, and Kings,
How happend it that in the dead of night
You only saw true light,
While *Palestine* was fast a sleep; and lay
Without one thought of Day?
Was it because those first and blessed swains
Were pilgrims on those plains
When they receiv'd the promise, for which now
'I was there first shown to you?
'Tis true, he loves that Dust whercon they go
That serve him here below,
And therefore might he for memory of those
His love there first disclose;
But wretched *Salem* once his love, must now
No voice, nor vision know,

Her stately Piles with all their height and pride
 Now languished and died,
 And *Bethlems* humble Cott's above them steep
 While all her Seers slept;
 Her Cedar, firr, hew'd stones and gold were all
 Polluted through their fall,
 And those once sacred mansions were now
 Meer emptiness and show,
 This made the Angel call at reeds and thatch,
 Yet where the shepherds watch,
 And Gods own lodging (though he could not lack,)
 To be a common *Rack*;
 No costly pride, no soft-cloath'd luxurie
 In those thin Cels could lie,
 Each stirring wind and storm blew through their Cott's
 Which never harbour'd plots,
 Only Content, and love, and humble joys
 Lived there without all noise,
 Perhaps some harmless Cares for the next day
 Did in their bosomes play,
 As where to lead their sheep, what silent nook,
 What springs or shades to look,
 But that was all; And now with gladsome care
 They for the town prepare,
 They leave their flock, and in a busie talk
 All towards *Bethlem* walk
 To see their souls great shepherd, who was come
 To bring all straglers home,
 Where now they find him out, and taught before
 That Lamb of God adore,
 That Lamb whose daies great Kings and Prophets wish'd
 And long'd to see, but miss'd.
 The first light they beheld was bright and gay
 And turn'd their night to day,
 But to this later light they saw in him,
 Their day was dark, and dim,

Misery.

Lord, bind me up, and let me lye
 A Pris'ner to my libertie,
 If such a state at all can be
 As an Impris'ment serving thee;
 The wind, though gather'd in thy fist,
 Yet doth it blow stil where it list,
 And yet shouldst thou let go thy hold
 Those gusts might quarrel and grow bold.

As waters here, headlong and loose
 The lower grounds stil chase, and choose,
 Where spreading all the way they seek
 And search out ev'ry hole, and Creek;
 So my spilt thoughts winding from thee
 Take the down-rode to vanitie,
 Where they all stray and strive, which shal
 Find out the first and steepest fal;
 I cheer their flow, giving supply
 To what's already grown too high,
 And having thus perform'd that part
 Feed on those vomits of my heart.
 I break the fence my own hands made
 Then lay that trespass in the shade,
 Some fig-leafs stil I do devise
 As if thou hadst nor ears, nor Eyes,
 Excesse of friends, of words, and wine
 Take up my day, while thou dost shine
 All unregarded, and thy book
 Hath not so much as one poore look.
 If thou steal in amidst the mirth
 And kindly tel me, *I am Earth*,
 Shur thee out, and let that slip,
 Such Musick spoils good fellowship.

G 2

Thus

Thus wretched I, and most unkind,
 Exclude my dear God from my mind,
 Exclude him thence, who of that Cel
 Would make a Court, should he there dwell.
 He goes, he yields; And troubled sore
 His holy spirit grieves therefore,
 The mighty God, th' eternal King
 Doth grieve for Dust, and Dust doth sing.
 But I go on, haste to Devest
 My self of reason, till opprest
 And buried in my surfeits I
 Prove my own shame and miserie.
 Next day I call and cry for thee
 Who shouldst not then come neer to me,
 But now it is thy servants pleasure
 Thou must (and dost) give him his measure.
 Thou dost, thou com'st, and in a shower
 Of healing sweets thy self dost powr
 Into my wounds, and now thy grace
 (I know it wel,) fills all the place;
 I sit with thee by this new light,
 And for that hour th'art my delight,
 No man can more the world despise
 Or thy great mercies better prize.
 I School my Eys, and strictly dwell
 Within the Circle of my Cel
 That Calm and silence are my Joys
 Which to thy peace are but meer noise.
 At length I feel my head to ake,
 My fingers Itch, and burn to take
 Some new Imployment, I begin
 To swel and fume and fret within.

" *The Age, the present times we are*

" *To snudge in, and embrace a Cor,*

" *Action and bloud now get the game,*

" *Disdain treads on the peaceful name,*

" who sits at home too bears a load

" Greater than those that gad abroad.

Thus do I make thy gifts giv'n me
The only quarrellers with thee,
I'd loose those knots thy hands did tie,
Then would go travel, fight or die.
Thousands of wild and waste Infusions
Like waves beat on my resolutions,
As flames about their fuel run
And work, and wind til all be done,
So my fierce soul bustles about
And never rests til all be out.
Thus wilded by a peevish heart
Which in thy musick bears no part
I storm at thee, calling my peace
A Lethargy, and meer disease,
Nay, those bright beams shot from thy eys
To calm me in these mutinies
I stile meer tempers, which take place
At some set times, but are thy grace.
' Such is mans life, and such is mine
The worst of men, and yet stil thine,
Stil thine thou know'st, and if not so
Then give me over to my foe.
Yet since as easie 'tis for thee
To make man good, as bid him be,
And with one glaunce (could he that gain,)
To look him out of all his pain,
O send me from thy holy hil
So much of strength, as may fulfil
All thy delight (what e'r they be)
And sacred Institutes in me;
Open my rockie heart, and fil
It with obedience to thy wil,
Then seal it up, that as none see,
So none may enter there but thee.

O hear my God ! hear him, whose blood
 Speaks more and better for my good !
 O let my Crie come to thy throne !
 My crie not pour'd with tears alone,
 (For tears alone are often foul)
 But with the blood of all my soul,
 With spirit-sighs, and earnest grones,
 Faithful and most repenting moans,
 With these I crie, and crying pine
 Till thou both mend and make me thine.

The Sap.

Come sapless Blossom, creep not stil on Earth
 Forgetting thy first birth ;
 'Tis not from dust, or if so, why dost thou
 Thus cal and thirst for dew ?
 It tends not thither, if it doth, why then
 This growth and stretch for heav'n ?
 Thy root sucks but diseases, worms there sear
 And claim it for their meat.
 Who plac'd thee here, did something then Infuse
 Which now can tel thee news.
 There is beyond the Stars an hil of myrrh
 From which some drops fal here,
 On it the Prince of *Salem* sits, who deals
 To thee thy secret meals,
 There is thy Country, and he is the way
 And hath withal the key.
 Yet liv'd he here sometimes, and bore for thee
 A world of miserie,
 For thee, who in the first mans loyns didst fal
 From that hil to this vale,

And

And had not he ~~be~~ done, it is most true
Two deaths had bin thy due;
But going hence, and knowing wel what woes
Might his friends discompose,
To shew what strange love he had to our good
He gave his sacred blood
By wil our sap, and Cordial; now in this
Lies such a heav'n of blifs,
That, who but truly tast it, no decay
Can touch him any way,
Such secret life, and vertue in it lies
It wil exalt and rise
And actuate such spirits as are shed
Or ready to be dead,
And bring new too. Get then this sap, and get
Good store of it, but let
The vessel where you put it be for sure
To all your pow'r most pure;
There is at all times (though shut up) in you
A powerful, rare dew,
Which only grief and love extract; with this
Be sure, and never miss,
To wash your vessel wel: Then humbly take
This balm for souls that ake,
And one who drank it thus, assures that you
Shal find a Joy so true,
Such perfect Ease, and such a lively sense
Of grace against all sins,
That you'l Confess the Comfort such, as even
Brings to, and comes from Heaven.

Mount of Olives.

WHEN first I saw true beauty, and thy Joys
 Active as light, and calm without all noise
 Shin'd on my soul, I felt through all my pow'r's
 Such a rich air of sweets, as Evening shows
 Fand by a gentle gale Convey and breath
 On some parch'd bank, crown'd with a flowrie wreath;
 Odors, and Myrrh, and balm in one rich fload
 O'r-ran my heart, and spirited my blood,
 My thoughts did swim in Comforts, and mine eie
 Confest, *The world did only paint and lie.*
 And where before I did no safe Course steer
 But wander'd under tempests all the year,
 Went bleak and bare in body as in mind,
 And was blow'n through by ev'ry storm and wind,
 I am so warm'd now by this glance on me,
 That, midst all storms I feel a Ray of thee;
 So have I known some beauteous *Vaisage* rise
 In suddain flowres and arbours to my Eies,
 And in the depth and dead of winter bring
 To my Cold thoughts a lively sense of Spring.

Thus fed by thee, who dost all beings nourish,
 My wither'd leafs again look green and flourish,
 I thine and shelter underneath thy wing
 Where sick with love I strive thy name to sing,
 Thy glorious name ! which grant I may so do
 That these may be thy *Praise*, and my *Joy* too.

Man

Man.

WEighing the stedfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds like watchful Clocks the noiseless date
And Intercourse of times divide,
Where Bees at night get home and hive, and flowers
Early, as well as late,
Rise with the Sun, and set in the same bowrs;

2.

I would (said I) my God would give
The staidness of these things to man! for these
To his divine appointments ever cleave,
And no new business breaks their peace;
The birds nor sow, nor reap, yet sup and dine,
The flowers without clothes live,
Yet Solomon was never drest so fine.

3.

Man hath still either toys, or Care,
He hath no root, nor to one place is ty'd,
But ever restless and Irregular
About this Earth doth run and ride,
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where,
He says it is so far
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

4. He

4.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,
 Nay hath not so much wit as some stones have
 Which in the darkest nights point to their homes,
 By some hid sense their Maker gave;
 Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
 And passage through these looms
 God order'd motion, but ordain'd no rest.

¶

I Walkt the other day (to spend my hour,)
 Into a field
 Where I sometimes had seen the soil to yield
 A gallant flowre,
 But Winter now had ruffled all the bowre
 And curious store
 I knew there heretofore.

2.

Yet I whose search lov'd not to peep and peer
 I'th' face of things
 Thought with my self, there might be other springs
 Besides this here
 Which, like cold friends, sees us but once a year,
 And so the flowre
 Might have some other bowre.

3 Then

3.

Then taking up what I could neereſt ſpie
 I digg'd about
 That place where I had ſeen him to grow out,
 And by and by
 I ſaw the warm Reclufe alone to lie
 Where freſh and green
 He lived of us unſeen.

4.

Many a queſtion Intricate and rare
 Did I there ſtrow,
 But all I could extort was, that he now
 Did there repair
 Such loſſes as beſel him in this air
 And would e'r long
 Come forth moſt fair and young.

5.

This paſt, I threw the Clothes quite o'r his head,
 And ſtung with fear
 Of my own frailty dropt down many a tear
 upon his bed,
 Then ſighing whiſper'd, *Happy are the dead !*
 What peace doth now
Rock him aſleep below ?

And

6.

And yet, how few believe such doctrine springs
 From a poor root
 Which all the Winter sleeps here under foot
 And hath no wings
 To raise it to the truth and light of things,
 But is stil trod
 By ev'ry wandering elod.

7.

O thou ! whose spirit did at first inflame
 And warm the dead,
 And by a sacred Incubation fed
 With life this frame
 Which once had neither being, forme, nor name,
 Grant I may so
 Thy steps track here below,

8.

That in these Masques and shadows I may see
 Thy sacred way,
 And by those hid ascents climb to that day
 Which breaks from thee
 Who art in all things, though invifibly ;
 Shew me thy peace,
 Thy mercy, love, and ease,

9. And

9.

And from this Care, where dreams and sorrows reign
 Lead me above
 Where Light, Joy, Leisure, and true Comforts move
 Without all pain,
 There, hid in thee, shew me his life again
 At whose dumbe urn
 Thus all the year I mourn.

Begging.

King of Mercy, King of Love,
 In whom I live, in whom I move,
 Perfect what thou hast begun,
 Let no night put out this Sun;
 Grant I may, my chief desire!
 Long for thee, to thee aspire,
 Let my youth, my bloom of dayes
 Be my Comfort, and thy praise,
 That hereafter, when I look
 O'r the sully'd, sinful book,
 I may find thy hand therein
 Wiping out my shame, and sin.
 O it is thy only Art
 To reduce a stubborn heart,
 And since thine is victorie,
 Strong holds should belong to thee;

Lord

Lord then take it, leave it not
Unto my dispose or lot,
But since I would not have it mine,
O my God, let it be thine !

Jude ver. 24, 25.

*Now unto him that is able to keep us from falling, and to
present us faultless before the presence of his glory with
exceeding joy,
To the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory, and majesty,
Dominion and power, now and ever, Amen.*

FINIS.



The Authors
P R E F A C E
To the following
H Y M N S.

THat this Kingdom hath abound-
ed with those ingenious persons,
which in the late notion are
termed *Wits*, is too well known.
Many of them having cast away
all their fair portion of time, in no better
employments, then a deliberate search, or ex-
cogitation of *idle words*, and a most vain,
insatiable desire to be reputed *Poets*; leaving
behinde them no other Monuments of those
excellent abilities conferred upon them, but

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such as they may (with a *Predecessor* of theirs) term *Parricides*; and a soul-killing Issue; for that is the *Βραβειον*, and Laureate Crown, which idle *Poems* will certainly bring to their unrelenting Authors.

And well it were for them, if those willingly studied and wilfully-published vanities could defile no *spirits*, but their own; but the case is far worse. These *Vipers* survive their *Parents*, and for many ages after (like *Epidemic* diseases) infect whole Generations, corrupting always and unhallowing the best-gifted *Souls*, and the most capable *Vessels*: for whose sanctification and well-fare, the glorious Son of God laid down his *life*, and suffered the pretious blood of his blessed and innocent heart to be poured out. In the mean time it cannot be denied, but these men are had in remembrance, though we cannot say with any comfort, *Their memorial is bless'd*; for, that I may speak no more then the truth (let their passionate worshippers say what they please) all the commendations that can be justly given them. will amount to no more, then what *Prudentius* the Christian-sacred *Poet* bestowed upon *Symmachus*;

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*Os dignum aeterno tinctum quod fulgeat
auro*

*Si mallet laudare deum: cui sordida mon-
stra*

*Prætulit, & liquidam temeravit crimine
vocem;*

*Haec aliter, quam cum rastris, qui tentat
eburnis*

Canosum versare solum, &c. ———

In English thus,

A wit most worthy in tryed Gold to
shine,

Immortal Gold! had he sung the di-
vine

Praise of his Maker: to whom he pre-
ferr'd

Obscene, vile fancies, and prophanely
marr'd

A rich, rare stile with sinful, lewd con-
tents;

No otherwise, then if with Instru-
ments

Of polish'd Ivory, some drudge should
stir

A dirty sink, &c. ———

This

The Preface.

This comparison is nothing odious, and it is as true, as it is apposite; for a good wit in a bad subject, is (as Solomon said of the fair and foolish woman) Like a jewel of gold in a swines snout, Prov. 11. 22. Nay, the more acute the Author is, there is so much the more danger and death in the work. Where the Sun is busie upon a dung-hill, the issue is always some unclean vermine. Divers persons of eminent piety and learning (I meddle not with the seditious and Schismatical) have, long before my time, taken notice of this malady; for the complaint against vicious verse, even by peaceful and obedient spirits, is of some antiquity in this Kingdom. And yet, as if the evil consequence attending this inveterate error, were but a small thing, there is sprung very lately another prosperous device to assist it in the subversion of souls. Those that want the Genius of verse, fall to translating; and the people are (every term) plentifully furnished with various Foreign vanities; so that the most lascivious compositions of France and Italy are here naturalized and made English: And this (as it is sadly observed) with so much favor and success, that nothing takes (as they rightly phrase it) like a Romance. And very frequently (if that Character be not an Ivy-bush) the buyer receives this lewd ware from persons of honor: who want not reason to forbear,

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forbear, much private misfortune having sprung from no other seed at first, then some infectious and dissolving Legend.

To continue (after years of discretion) in this vanity, is an inexcusable desertion of pious sobriety: and to persist so to the end, is a wilful despising of Gods sacred exhortations, by a constant, sensual volutation or wallowing in impure thoughts and scurrilous conceits, which both defile their Authors, and as many more, as they are communicated to. If every idle word shall be accounted for, and if no corrupt communication should proceed out of our mouths, how desperate (I beseech you) is their condition, who all their life time, and out of meer design, study lascivious fictions: then carefully record and publish them, that instead of grace and life, they may minister sin and death unto their readers? It was wisely considered, and piously said by one, That he would read no idle books; both in regard of love to his own soul, and pity unto his that made them, for (said he) if I be corrupted by them, their Composer is immediatly a cause of my ill: and at the day of reckoning (though now dead) must give an account for it, because I am corrupted by his bad example, which he left behinde him: I will write none, lest I hurt them that come after me; I will read none, lest I augment his punishment that is gone before me. I will ne ther write, nor read, lest I prove a foe to my own soul: while I live, I

B

sin

The Preface.

sin too much ; let me not continue longer in wickedness, then I do in life. It is a sentence of sacred authority, that he that is dead, is freed from sin ; because he cannot in that state, which is without the body, sin any more ; but he that writes idle books, makes for himself another body, in which he always lives, and sins (after death) as fast and as foul, as ever he did in his life ; which very consideration, deserves to be a sufficient Antidote against this evil disease.

And here, because I would prevent a just censure by my free confession, I must remember, that I my self have for many years together, languished of this very sickness ; and it is no long time since I have recovered. But (blessed be God for it !) I have by his saving assistance suppressed my greatest follies, and those which escaped from me, are (I think) as innoxious, as most of that vein use to be ; besides, they are interlined with many virtuous, and some pious mixtures. What I speak of them, is truth ; but let no man mistake it for an extenuation of faults, as if I intended an Apology for them, or my self, who am conscious of so much guilt in both, as can never be expiated without special sorrows, and that cleansing and precious effusion of my Almighty Redeemer : and if the world will be so charitable, as to grant my request, I do here most humbly and earnestly beg that none would read them.

But

What
were
they

The Preface.

But an idle or sensual *subject* is not all the *poysen* in these Pamphlets. Certain Authors have been so irreverently bold, as to dash *Scriptures*, and the *sacred Relatives of God* with their impious conceits ; And (which I cannot speak without grief of heart) some of those desperate *adventurers* may (I think) be reckoned amongst the principal or most learned Writers of *English verse*.

Others of a later *date*, being corrupted (it may be) by that evil *Genius*, which came in with the publique distractions, have stuffed their books with *Oathes*, *horrid Execrations*, and a most gross and studied *filthiness*. But the hurt that ensues by the publication of *pieces* so notoriously ill, lies heavily upon the *Stationers* account, who ought in conscience to refuse them, when they are put into his hands. No loss is so doleful as that *gain*, that will endamage the soul ; he that *prints* lewdness and impieties, is that mad man in the *Proverbs*, who *casteth firebrands, arrows and death*.

The suppression of this pleasing and prevailing *evil*, lies not altogether in the power of the *Magistrate* ; for it will flie abroad in *Manuscripts*, when it fails of entertainment at the *press*. The true remedy lies wholly in their bosoms, who are the gifted persons, by a wise exchange of *vain and vitious subjects*, for *divine Themes* and *Celestial praise*. The perform-

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ance is easie, and were it the most difficult in the world, the reward is so glorious, that it infinitely transcends it: for *they that turn many to righteousness, shall shine like the stars for ever and ever*: whence follows this undeniable inference, That the corrupting of many, being a contrary work, the recompense must be so too; and then I know nothing reserved for them, but the blackness of darkness for ever; from which (O God!) deliver all penitent and reformed Spirits!

The first, that with any effectual success attempted a diversion of this foul and overflowing stream, was the blessed man, Mr. George Herbert, whose holy life and verse gained many pious Converts, (of whom I am the least) and gave the first check to a most flourishing and admired wit of his time. After him followed diverse, --- *Sed non passibus aquis*; they had more of fashion, then force: And the reason of their so vast distance from him, besides differing spirits and qualifications (for his measure was eminent) I suspect to be, because they aimed more at verse, then perfection; as may be easily gathered by their frequent *impressions*, and numerous pages: Hence sprang those wide, those weak, and lean conceptions, which in the most inclinable Reader will scarce give any nourishment or help to devotion; for not flowing from a true, practick piety, it was impossible

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impossible they should effect those things abroad, which they never had acquaintance with at home; being onely the productions of a common spirit, and the obvious ebullitions of that light humor, which takes the pen in hand, out of no other consideration, then to be seen in print. It is true indeed, that to give up our thoughts to pious *Themes* and *Contemplations* (if it be done for pieties sake) is a great *step* towards *perfection*; because it will *refine*, and *dispose* to devotion and sanctity. And further, it will *procure* for us (so easily communicable is that *loving spirit*) some small *prelibation* of those heavenly *refreshments*, which descend but seldom, and then very sparingly, upon *men* of an ordinary or indifferent *holyness*; but he that desires to excel in this kinde of *Hagiography*, or holy writing, must strive (by all means) for *perfection* and true *holyness*, that a *door may be opened to him in heaven*, Rev. 4. 1. and then he will be able to write (with *Hierotheus* and holy *Herbert*) *A true Hymn*.

To effect this in some measure; I have begged leave to communicate this my poor *Talent* to the *Church*, under the *protection* and *conduct* of her *glorious Head*: who (if he will vouchsafe to *own* it, and *go along* with it) can make it as useful now in the *publick*, as it hath been to me in *private*. In

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the perusal of it, you will (peradventure) observe some passages, whose history or reason may seem something remote; but were they brought nearer, and plainly exposed to your view, (though that (perhaps) might quiet your curiosity) yet would it not conduce much to your greater advantage. And therefore I must desire you to accept of them in that latitude, which is already allowed them. By the last Poems in the book (were not that mistake here prevented) you would judge all to be fatherless, and the Edition posthume; for (indeed) *I was nigh unto death*, and am still at no great distance from it; which was the necessary reason for that solemn and accomplished dress, you will now finde this impression in.

But the God of the spirits of all flesh, hath granted me a further use of mine, then I did look for in the body; and when I expected, and had (by his assistance) prepared for a message of death, then did he answer me with life; I hope to his glory, and my great advantage: that I may flourish not with lease onely, but with some fruit also; which hope and earnest desire of his poor Creature, I humbly beseech him to perfect and fulfil for his dear Sons sake, unto whom, with him and the most holy and loving Spirit, be ascribed by Angels, by Men, and by

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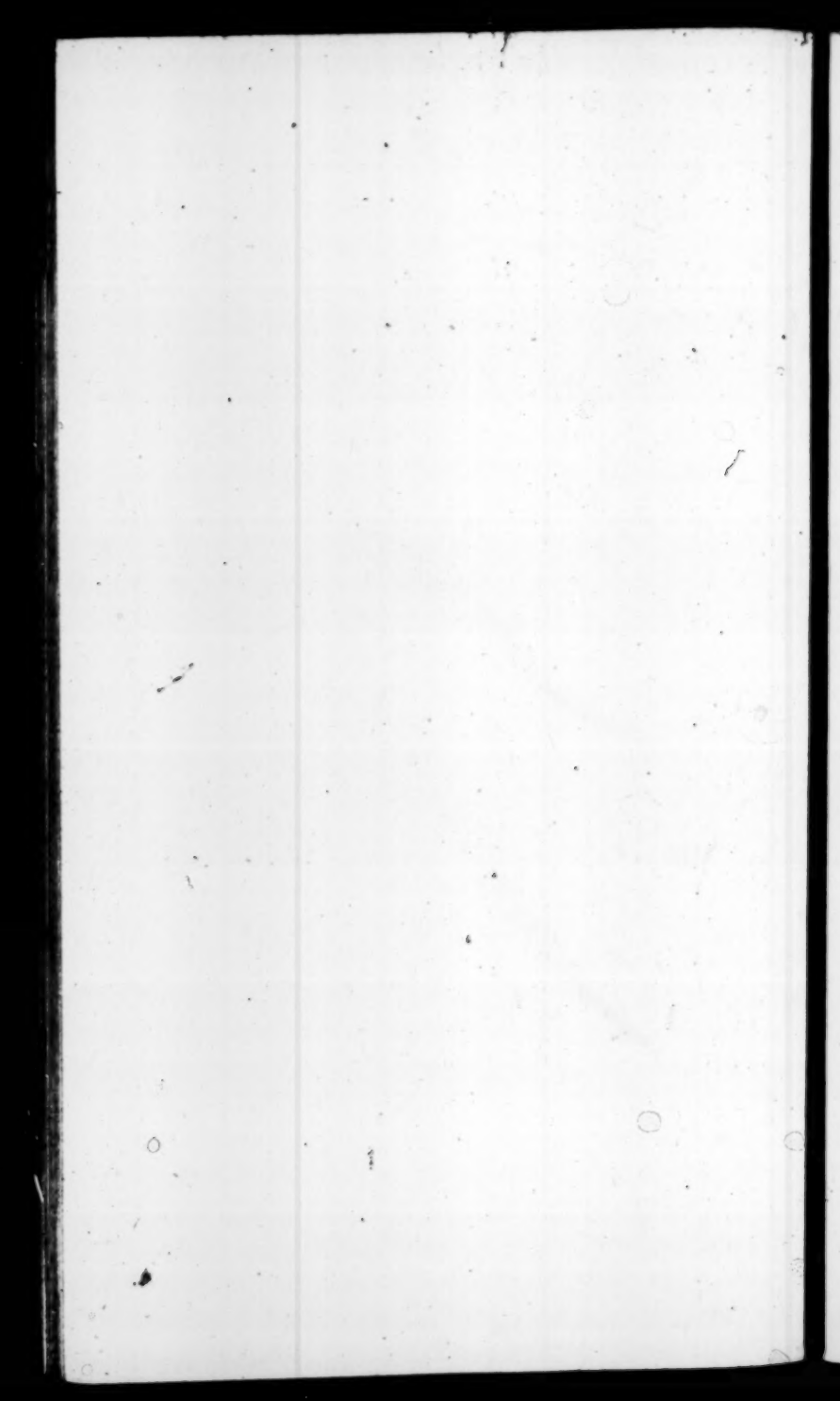
by all his *Works*, All Glory, and Wisdom,
and Dominion, in this the *temporal* and in the
Eternal Being. *Amen*.

Newton by Usk, near
Sketh-rock, Septem. 30.

1 6 5 4.

B 4

O Lord, -





O Lord, the hope of Israel, all they that forsake thee shall be ashamed; and they that depart from thee, shall be written in the earth, because they have forsaken the Lord, the fountain of living waters.

Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved, for thou art my health, and my great deliverer.

I said in the cutting off of my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave; I have decried my self of the residue of my years.

I said, I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord in the Land of the living: I shall behold man no more with the Inhabitants of the world.

O Lord! by thee doth man live, and from thee is the life of my spirit: therefore wilt thou recover me, and make me to live.

Thou

Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from
the pit of corruption ; for thou hast cast all my
sins behinde thy back.

For thy names sake hast thou put off thine an-
ger ; for thy praise hast thou refrained from me,
that I should not be cut off.

For the grave cannot praise thee, death cannot
celebrate thee : they that go down into the
pit, cannot hope for thy truth.

The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as
I do this day : the Father to the children shall
make known thy truth.

O Lord ! thou hast been merciful, thou hast
brought back my life from corruption : thou hast
redeemed me from my sin.

They that follow after lying vanities, forsake
their own mercy.

Therefore shall thy songs be with me, and my
prayer unto the God of my life.

I will

I will go unto the altar of my God, unto God,
the joy of my youth; and in thy fear will I wor-
ship towards thy holy temple.

I will sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanks-
giving; I will pay that which I have vowed: sal-
vation is of the Lord.

To



To my most merciful, my most
loving, and dearly loved Re-
deemer, the ever blessed,
the onely Holy and

JUST ONE,
JESVS CHRIST,

The Son of the living

G O D,

And the sacred

Virgin Mary.

I.

MY God ! thou that didst dye for me,
These thy deaths fruits I offer thee ;
Death that to me was life and light,
But dark and deep pangs to thy fight.

Some

The Dedication.

Some drops of thy all-quickning blood
Fell on my heart ; those made it bud
And put forth thus, though Lord, before
The ground was curst, and void of store.
Indeed I had some here to hire
Which long resisted thy desire,
That ston'd thy servants, and did move
To have the^e murthred for thy love ;
But Lord, I have expell'd them, and so bent,
Beg, thou wouldst take thy Tenants Rent.

II.

Dear Lord, 'tis finished ! and now he
That copyed it, presents it thee.
'Twas thine first, and to thee returns,
From thee it shin'd, though here it burns ;
If the Sun rise on rocks, is't right,
To call it their inherent light ?
No, nor can I say, this is mine,
For, dearest Jesus, 'tis all thine.
As thy cloaths, (when thou with cloaths were
Both light from thee and virtue had, clad)
And now (as then within this place)
Thou to poor rags dost still give grace.
This is the earnest thy love sheds,
The *Canale* shining on some heads,

Till

The Dedication.

Till at thy charges they shall be,
Cloath'd all with immortality.

My dear Redeemer, the worlds light,
And life too, and my hearts delight !
For all thy mercies and thy truth
Shew'd to me in my sinful youth,
For my sad failings and my wilde
Murmurings at thee, when most milde :
For all my secret faults, and each
Frequent relapse and wilful breach,
For all designs meant against thee,
And ev'ry publish'd vanity
Which thou divinely hast forgiven,
While thy blood wash'd me white as heaven :
I nothing have to give to thee,
But this thy own gift, given to me ;
Refuse it not ! for now thy *Token*
Can tell thee where a heart is broken.

Revel. cap. I. ver. 5,6,7.

*Unto him that loved us, and washed us from
our sins in his own blood.*

*And hath made us Kings and Priests unto
God and his Father ; to him be glory and domi-
nion, for ever and ever. Amen.*

Behold

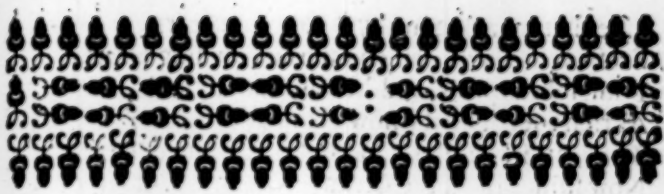
The Dedication.

Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him; and all kinreds of the earth shall wail because of him: even so. Amen.

¶ Vain

Vain Wits and eyes
 Leave, and be wise :
 Abuse not, shun not holy fire,
 But with true tears wash off your mire.
 Tears and these flames will soon grow kinde,
 And mix an eye-salve for the blinde.
 Tears cleanse and supple without fail,
 And fire will purge your callous veyl.
 Then comes the light ! which when you spy,
 And see your nakedness thereby,
 Praise him, who dealt his gifts so free
 In tears to you, in fire to me.

Silex



Silex Scintillans, &c.

Ascension-day.

Lord Jesus ! with what sweetness and delights,
Sure, holy hopes, high joys and quickning
flights
Dost thou feed thine ! O thou ! the hand
that lifts

To him, who gives all good and perfect gifts.
Thy glorious, bright Ascension (though remov'd
So many Ages from me) is so prov'd
And by thy Spirit seal'd to me, that I
Feel me a sharer in thy victory.

I soar and rise
Up to the skies,
Leaving the world their day,
And in my flight,
For the true light

Go seeking all the way ;
I greet thy Sepulchre, salute thy Grave,
That blest inclosure, where the Angels gave
The first glad tidings of thy early light,
And resurrection from the earth and night,

I see that morning in thy * Converts tears,
 Fresh as the dew, which but this dawning wears?
 I smell her spices, and her ointment yields,
 As rich a scent as the now Primros'd-fields:
 The day-star smiles, and light with the decess,
 Now shines in all the Chambers of the East.
 What stirs, what posting intercourse and mirth
 Of Saints and Angels glorifie the earth?
 What sighs, what whispers, busie stops and stays;
 Private and holy talk fill all the ways?
 They pass as at the last great day, and run
 In their white robes to seek the risen Sun;
 I see them, hear them, mark their haste, and move
 Amongst them, with them, wing'd with faith and love.
 Thy forty days more secret commerce here,
 After thy death and Funeral, so clear
 And indisputable, shews to my sight
 As the Sun doth, which to those days gave light.
 I walk the fields of Bethani which shine
 All now as fresh as Eden, and as fine.
 Such was the bright world, on the first seventh day,
 Before man brought forth sin, and sin decay;
 When like a Virgin clad in Flowers and green
 The pure earth sat, and the fair woods had seen
 No frost, but flourish'd in that youthful vest,
 With which the great Creator had them drest:
 When Heav'n above them shin'd like molten glass,
 While all the Planets did unclouded pass;
 And Springs, like dissolv'd Pearls their Streams did pour
 Ne'r marr'd with floods, nor anger'd with a shower.
 With these fair thoughts, I move in this fair place,
 And the last steps of my milde Master trace;
 I see him leading out his chosen Train,
 All sad with tears, which like warm Summer-rain
 In silent drops steal from their holy eyes,
 Fix'd lately on the Cross, now on the skies.

* *St. Mary Magdalene.*

Or Sacred Poems.

3

And now (eternal Jesus !) thou dost heave
Thy blessed hands to bless, these thou dost leave ;
The cloud doth now receive thee, and their sight
Having lost thee, behold two men in white !
Two and no more : *what two attest, is true,*
Was thine own answer to the stubborn Jew.
Come then thou faithful witnesses ! come dear Lord
Upon the Clouds again to judge this world !

Ascension Hymn.

Dust and clay
Mans antient wear !
Here you must stay,
But I elsewhere ;
Souls sojourn here, but may not rest ;
Who will ascend, must be undrest.

And yet some
That know to die
Before death come,
Walk to the skie
Even in this life ; but all such can
Leave behinde them the old Man.

If a star
Should leave the Sphere,
She must first mar
Her flaming wear,
And after fall, for in her dress
Of glory, she cannot transgress.

Man of old
Within the line

Silex Scintillans,

Of Eden could
Like the Sun shine
All naked, innocent and bright,
And intimate with Heav'n, as light;

But since he
That brightness soil'd,
His garments be
All dark and spoil'd,
And here are left as nothing worth,
Till the Refiners fire breaks forth.

Then comes he!
Whose mighty light
Made his cloathes be
Like Heav'n, all bright;
The Fuller, whose pure blood did flow
To make stain'd man more white then snow.

Hee alone
And none else can
Bring bone to bone
And rebuild man,
And by his all subduing might
Make clay ascend more quick then light.



IX
They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingring here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy brest
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,

Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
After the Sun's remove.

I see them walking in an Air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days :
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Meer glimering and decays.

O holy hope ! and high humility,
High as the Heavens above !
These are your walks, and you have shew'd them me
To kindle my cold love,

Dear, beauteous death ! the Jewel of the Just,
Shining no where, but in the dark ;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust ;
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledg'd birds nest, may know
At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
But what fair Well, or Grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep :
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted theams,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confin'd into a Tomb
Her captive flames must needs burn there ;
But when the hand that lockt her up, gives room,
She'l shine through all the sphære.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee !
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
 My perspective (still) as they pass,
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
 Where I shall need no glass.

White Sunday.

Velcome white day! a thousand Sons,
 Though seen at once, were black to thee;
 For after their light, darkness comes,
 But thine shines to eternity.

Those flames which on the Apostles rush'd
 At this great feast, and in a tyre
 Of cloyen Tongues their heads all brush'd,
 And crown'd them with Prophetic fire:

Can these new lights be like to those,
 These lights of Serpents like the Dove?
 Thou hadst no gall, ev'n for thy foes,
 And thy two wings were Grief and Love.

Though then some boast that fire each day,
 And on Christs coat pin all their shreds;
 Not sparing openly to say,
 His candle shines upon their heads:

Yet while some rays of that great light
 Shine here below within thy Book,
 They never shall so blinde my sight
 But I will know which way to look.

For though thou doest that great light lock,
 And by this lesser commerce keep:

Yet

Or Sacred Poems,

7

Yet by these glances of the flock
I can discern Wolves from the Sheep.

Not, but that I have witnesses too,
And pray, *These last may be as first,*
Or better; but thou long ago
Hast said, *These last should be the worst.*

Besides, thy method with thy own,
Thy own dear people pens our times,
Our stories are in theirs set down,
And penalties spread to our Crimes.

Again, if worst and worst implies
A State, that no redress admits,
Then from thy Cross unto these days
The rule without Exception fits.

And yet, as in nights gloomy page
One silent star may interline :
So in this last and lowdest age,
Thy antient love on some may shine.

For, though we hourly breath decay,
And our best note and highest ease
Is but meer changing of the keys,
And a Consumption that doth please ;

Yet thou the great eternal Rock
Whose height above all ages shines,
Art still the same, and canst unlock
Thy waters to a soul that pines.

Since then thou art the same this day
And ever, as thou wert of old,
And nothing doth thy love allay
But our hearts dead and sinful cold :

As thou long since wert pleas'd to buy
Our drown'd estate, taking the Curse
Upon thy self, so to destroy
The knots we tyed upon thy purse,

So let thy grace now make the way
Even for thy love; for by that means
We, who are nothing but foul clay,
Shal be fine gold, which thou didst cleanse.

O come! refine us with thy fire!
Refine us! we are at a loss.
Let not thy stars for *Balaams* hire
Dissolve into the common dross!

The Proffer.

BE still black Parasites,
Flutter no more;
Were it still winter, as it was before,
You'd make no sighs;
But now the dew and Sun have warm'd my bowres,
You flie and flock to suck the flowers.

But you would honey make:
These buds will wither,
And what you now extract, in harder weather
Will serve to take;
Wise husband will (you say) there wants prevent,
Who do not so, too late repent.

O poys'nous, subtil fowls!
The flies of hell
That buz in every ear, and blow on souls
Until they smell

And

And rot, descend not here, nor think to stay,
I've read, who 'twas, drove you away.

Think you these longing eyes,
Though sick and spent,
And almost famish'd, ever will consent
To leave those skies,
That glass of souls and spirits, where well drest
They shine in white (like stars) and rest.

Shall my short hour, my inch,
my one poor sand,
And crum of life, now ready to disband
Revolt and flinch,
And having born the burthen all the day,
Now cast at night my Crown away?

No, No; I am not he,
Go seek elsewhere.
I skill not your fine tinsel, and false hair,
Your Sorcery
And smooth seducements: I'll not stuff my story
With your Commonwealth and glory.

There are, that will sow tares
And scatter death
Amongst the quick, selling their souls and breath
For any wares;
But when thy Master comes, they'll finde and see
There's a reward for them and thee.

Then keep the antient way!
Spit out their phlegm
And fill thy brest with home; think on thy dream:
A calm, bright day!
A Land of flowers and spices! the word given,
If these be fair, O what is Heaven!

Cock-crowing.

Cock-crowing.

Father of lights ! what Sunnie seed,
 What glance of day hast thou confin'd,
 Into this bird ? To all the breed
 This busie Ray thou hast assign'd ;
 Their magnetisme works all night,
 And dreams of Paradise and light.

Their eyes watch for the morning-hue,
 Their little grain expelling night
 So shines and sings, as if it knew
 The path unto the house of light.
 It seems their candle, howe'r done,
 Was tinn'd and lighred at the sunne.

If such a tincture, such a touch,
 So firm a longing can impowre
 Shall thy own image think it much
 To watch for thy appearing hour ?
 If a meer blast so fill the fail,
 Shall not the breath of God prevail ?

O thou immortall light and heat !
 Whose hand so shines through all this frame,
 That by the beauty of the seat,
 We plainly see, who made the same.
 Seeing thy seed abides in me,
 Dwell thou in it, and I in thee.

To sleep without thee, is to die ;
 Yea, 'tis a death partakes of hell :
 For where thou dost not close the eye
 It never opens, I can tell.
 In such a dark, Ægyptian border,
 The shades of death dwell and disorder.

If

If joyes, and hopes, and earnest throws,
And hearts, whose Pulse beats still for light
Are given to birds; who, but thee, knows
A love-sick souls exalted flight?

Can souls be track'd by any eye
But his, who gave them wings to fly?

Onely this Veyle which thou hast broke,
And must be broken yet in me,
This veyle, I say, is all the cloke
And cloud which shadows thee from me.

This veyle thy full-ey'd love denies,
And onely gleams and fractions spies.

O take it off! make no delay,
But brush me with thy light, that I
May shine unto a perfect day,
And warme me at thy glorious Eye!

O take it off! or till it flee,
Though with no Lillie, stay with me!

The Starre.

WHat ever 'tis, whose beauty here below
Attracts thee thus & makes thee stream & flow,
And wind and curle, and wink and smile,
Shifting thy gate and guile:

Though thy close commerce nought at all imbarres
My present search, for Eagles eye not starres,
And still the lesser by the best
And highest good is blest:

Yet, seeing all things that subsist and be,
Have their Commissions from Divinitie,
And teach us duty, I will see
What man may learn from thee.

First, ○

First, I am sure, the Subject so respected
 Is well-disposed, for bodies once infected,
 Deprav'd or dead, can have with thee
 No hold, nor sympathie.

Next, there's in it a restless, pure desire
 And longing for thy bright and vitall fire,
 Desire that never will be quench'd,
 Nor can be writh'd, nor wrench'd.

These are the Magnets which so strongly move
 And work all night upon thy light and love,
 As beauteous shapes, we know not why,
 Command and guide the eye.

For where desire, celestiall, pure desire
 Hath taken root, and grows, and doth not tire,
 There God a Commerce states, and sheds
 His Secret on their heads.

This is the Heart he craves; and who so will
 But give it him, and grudge not; he shall feel
 That God is true, as herbs unseen
 Put on their youth and green.

The Palm-tree.

DEare friend sit down, and bear awhile this shade
 As I have yours long since; This Plant, you see
 So prest and bow'd, before sin did degrade
 Both you and it, had equall liberty

With other trees: but now shut from the breath
 And air of *Eden*, like a male-content
 It thrives no where. This makes these weights (like death
 And sin) hang at him; for the more he's bent

The

The more he grows. Celestial natures still
Aspire for home ; This *Solomon* of old
By flowers and carvings and mysterious skill
Of Wings, and Cherubims, and Palms foretold.

This is the life which hid above with Christ
In God, doth always (hidden) multiply,
And spring, and grow, a tree ne'r to be prick'd, *prick'd*
A Tree, whose fruit is immortality.

Here Spirits that have run their race and fought
And won the fight, and have not fear'd the frowns
Nor lov'd the smiles of greatness, but have wrought
Their masters will, meet to receive their Crowns.

Here is the patience of the Saints : this Tree
Is water'd by their tears, as flowers are fed
With dew by night ; but One you cannot see
Sits here and numbers all the tears they shed.

Here is their faith too, which if you will keep
When we two part, I will a journey make
To pluck a Garland hence, while you do sleep
And weave it for your head against you wake.

Joy.

BE dumb coarse measures, jar no more ; to me
There is no discord, but your harmony.
False, juggling sounds ; a grone well drest, where care
Moves in disguise, and sighs afflict the air :
Sorrows in white ; griefs tun'd ; a finger'd Dosis
Of Wormwood, and a Deaths-head crown'd with Roses.
He weighs not your forc'd accents, who can have
A lesson plaid him by a winde or wave.
Such numbers tell their days, whose spirits be
Lull'd by those Charmers to a Lethargy.

But

But as for thee, whose faults long since require
 More eyes then stars; whose breath could it aspire
 To equal winds: would prove too short: Thou hast
 Another mirth, a mirth though overcast
 With clouds and rain, yet full as calm and fine
 As those clear heights which above tempests shine.

Therefore while the various showers
 Kill and cure the tender flowers,
 While the winds refresh the year
 Now with clouds, now making clear,
 Be sure under pains of death
 To ply both thine eyes and breath.

As leaves in Bowers
 Whisper their hours,
 And Hermit-wells
 Drop in their Cells:

So in sighs and unseen tears
 Pass thy solitary years,

And going hence, leave written on some Tree,
Sighs make joy sure, and shaking fastens thee.

The Favour.

O thy bright looks! thy glance of love
 Shown, & but shown me from above!
 Rare looks! that can disperse such joy
 As without wooing wins the coy,
 And makes him mourn, and pine and dye
 Like a starv'd Eaglet, for thine eye
 Some kinde herbs here, though low & far,
 Watch for, and know their loving star.
 O let no star compare with thee!
 Nor any herb out-dutty me!
 So shall my nights and mornings be
 Thy time to shine, and mine to see.

The Garland.

THou, who dost flow and flourish here below.
To whom a falling star and nine dayes glory,
Or some frail beauty makes the bravest shew,
Hark, and make use of this ensuing story.

When first my youthfull, sinfull age
Grew master of my wayes,
Appointing error for my Page,
And darknesse for my dayes;
I flung away, and with full crie
Of wild affections, rid
In post for pleasures, bent to trie
All gamesters that would bid.
I played with fire, did counsell spurn,
Made life my common stake;
But never thought that fire would burn,
Or that a soul could ake.
Glorious deceptions, gilded mists,
False joyes, phantastick flights,
Peeces of sackcloth with silk lists.
These were my prime delights.
I sought choice bowres haunted the spring,
Cull'd flowres and made me posies:
Gave my fond humours the r full wing,
And crown'd my head with Roses.
But at the height of this Careire
I met with a dead man,
Who noting well my vain Abear,
Thus unto me began:
Desist fond fool, be not undone,
What thou hast cut to day

Will

Whill fade at night, and with this Sun
Quite vanish and decay.

*Flowres gather'd in this world, die here ; if thou
Wouldst have a wreath that fades not, let them grow,
And grow for thee ; who spares them here, shall find
A Garland, where comes neither rain, nor wind.*

Love-sick.

IESUS, my life ! how shall I truly love thee ?
 O that thy Spirit would so strongly move me,
 That thou wert pleas'd to shed thy grace so farr
 As to make man all pure love, flesh a star !
 A star that would ne'r set, but ever rise,
 So rise and run, as to out-run these skies,
 These narrow skies (narrow to me) that barre,
 So barre me in, that I am still at warre,
 At constant warre with them. O come and rend,
 Or bow the heavens ! Lord bow them and descend,
 And at thy presence make these mountains flow,
 These mountains of cold Ice in me ! Thou art
 Refining fire, O then refine my heart,
 My foul, foul heart ! Thou art immortall heat,
 Heat motion gives ; Then warm it, till it bear,
 So bear for thee, till thou in mercy hear,
 So hear that thou must open : open to
 A sinfull wretch, A wretch that caus'd thy woe,
 Thy woe, who caus'd his weal ; so far his weal
 That thou forgott'st thine own, for thou didst seal
 Mine with thy blood, thy blood which makes thee mine,
 Mine ever, ever ; And me ever thine.

Trinity

Trinity-Sunday.

O Holy, blessed, glorious three,
Eternall witnesses that be
In heaven, One God in trinitie !

As here on earth (when men with-stood,)
The Spirit, Water, and the Blood,
Made my Lords Incarnation good :

So let the *Anty-types* in me
Elected, bought and seal'd for free,
Be own'd, sav'd, *Sainted* by you three !

Psalme 104.

U P, O my soul, and blesse the Lord. O God,
My God, how great, how very great art thou !
Honour and majesty have their abode
With thee, and crown thy brow.

Thou cloath'st thy self with light, as with a robe,
And the high, glorious heav'ns thy mighty hand
Doth spread like curtains round about this globe
Of Air, and Sea, and Land.

The beams of thy bright Chambers thou dost lay
In the deep waters, which no eye can find ;
The clouds thy chariots are, and thy path-way
The wings of the swift wind.

thy celestially, glad some messages
Dispatch'd to holy souls, sick with desire

D

And

And love of thee, each willing Angel is
Thy minister in fire.

Thy arm unmoveable for ever laid
And founded the firm earth; then with the deep
As with a vail thou hidst it, thy floods plaid
Above the mountains steep.

At thy rebuke they fled, at the known voice
Of their Lords thunder they retir'd apace:
Some up the mountains past by secret ways,
Some downwards to their place.

For thou to them a bound hast set, a bound
Which (though but sand) keeps in and curbs whole
There all their fury, some and hideous sound (less:
Must languish and decrease.

And as thy care bounds these, so thy rich love
Doth broach the earth, and lesser brooks lets forth,
Which run from hills to valleys, and improve
Their pleasure and their worth.

These to the beasts of every field give drink;
There the wilde asses swallow the cool spring:
And birds amongst the branches on their brink
Their dwellings have and sing.

Thou from thy upper Springs above, from those
Chambers of rain, where Heav'ns large bottles lie
Doe'st water the parch'd hills, whose breaches close
Heal'd by the showers from high.

Grass for the cattel, and herbs for mans use
Thou mak'st to grow; these (blest by thee) the earth
Brings forth, with wine, oyl, bread: All which infuse
To mans heart strength and mirth.

Thou giv'st the trees their greenness, ev'n to those
Cedars in *Lebanon*, in whose thick boughs
The birds their nests build; though the Stork doth choose
The fir-trees for her house.

To the wilde goats the high hills serve for folds,
The rocks give Conies a retyring place:
Above them the cool Moon her known course holds,
And the Sun runs his race.

Thou makest darkness, and then comes the night;
In whose thick shades and silence each wilde beast
Creeps forth, and pinch'd for food, with scent and sight
Hunts in an eager quest.

The Lyons whelps impatient of delay
Roar in the covert of the woods, and seek
Their meat from thee, who doest appoint the prey
And feed'st them all the week.

This past, the Sun shines on the earth, and they
Retire into their dens; Man goes abroad
Unto his work, and at the close of day
Returns home with his load.

O Lord my God, how many and how rare
Are thy great works! In wisdom hast thou made
Them all, and this the earth, and every blade
Of grass, we tread, declare.

So doth the deep and wide sea, wherein are
Innumerable, creeping things both small
And great: there ships go, and the shipmens fear
The comely spacious Whale.

These all upon thee wait, that thou maist feed
Them in due season: what thou giv'st, they take;
D 2 They

Thy bounteous open hand helps them at need,
And plenteous meals they make.

When thou doest hide thy face (thy face which keeps
All things in being) they consume and mourn:
When thou with-draw'st their breath, their vigour sleeps,
And they to dust return.

Thou send'st thy spirit forth, and they revive,
The frozen earths dead face thou dost renew.
Thus thou thy glory through the world dost drive,
And to thy works art true.

Thine eyes behold the earth, and the whole stage
Is mov'd and trembles, the hills melt & smoke
With thy least touch: lightnings and winds that rage
At thy rebuke are broke.

Therefore as long as thou wilt give me breath
I will in songs to thy great name employ
That gift of thine, and to my day of death
Thou shalt be all my joy.

Ile *spice* my thoughts with thee, and from thy word
Gather true comforts; but the wicked liver
Shall be consum'd. O my soul, blest thy Lord!
Yea, blesse thou him for ever!

The Bird.

Hither thou com'st: the busie wind all night
 Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm
 Thy pillow was. Many a fullen storm (wing
 (For which course man seems much the fitter born,)
 Rain'd on thy bed
 And harmles head.

And now as fresh and chearful as the light
 Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing
 Unto that *Providence*, whose unseen arm
 Curb'd them, and cloath'd thee well and warm.
 All things that be, praise him; and had
 Their lesson taught them, when first made.

So hills and valleys into singing break,
 And though poor stones have neither speech nor tong
 While active winds and streams both run and speak,
 Yet stones are deep in admiration.
 Thus Praise and Prayer here beneath the Sun
 Make lesser mornings, when the great are done.

For each inclosed Spirit is a star
 Inlightning his own little sphere,
 Whose light, though fetcht and borrowed from far,
 Both mornings makes, and evenings there.

but as these Birds of light make a land glad,
 Chirping their solem Matins on each tree:
 So in the shades of night some dark fowls be,
 Whose heavy notes make all that hear them, sad.

The Turtle then in Palm-trees mourns,
 While Owls and Satyrs howl;
 The pleasant Land to brimstone turns
 And all her streams grow foul.

Brightness and mirth, and love and faith, all flye,
 Till the Day-spring breaks forth again from high.

The Timber.

Sure thou didst flourish once! and many Springs,
 Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers
 Past ore thy head: many light *Hearts* and *Wings*
 Which now are dead, lodg'd in thy living bowers.

And still a new succession sings and flies;
 Fresh Groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
 Towards the old and still enduring skies,
 While the low *Violet* thrives at their root.

But thou beneath the sad and heavy *Line*
 Of death, dost waste all senseless, cold and dark;
 Where not so much as dreams of light may shine,
 Nor any thought of greenness, leaf or bark.

And yet (as is some deep hate and dissent,
 Bred in thy growth betwixt high winds and thee,
 Were still alive) thou dost great storms resent
 Before they come, and know'st how near they be.

Else all at rest thou lyest, and the fierce breath
 Of tempests can no more disturb thy ease;

But

But this thy strange resentment after death
Means onely those, who broke (in life) thy peace.

So murdered man, when lovely life is done,
And his blood freez'd, keeps in the Center still
Some secret sense, which makes the dead blood run
At his approach, that did the body kill.

And is there any murther worse then sin?
Or any storms more foul then a lewd life?
Or what *Resentment* can work more within,
Then true remorse, when with past sins at strife?

He that hath left lifes vain joys and vain care,
And truly hates to be detain'd on earth,
Hath got an house where many mansions are,
And keeps his soul unto eternal mirth.

But though thus dead unto the world, and ceas'd
From sin, he walks a narrow, private way;
Yet grief and old wounds make him sore displeas'd,
And all his life a rainy, weeping day.

For though he should forsake the world, and live
As meer a stranger, as men long since dead;
Yet joy it self will make a right soul grieve
To think, he should be so long vainly lead.

But as shades set off light, so tears and grief
Though of themselves but a sad blubber'd
By shewing the sin great, shew the relief (story
Far greater, and so speak my Saviors glory.

My way lies through deserts and wilde woods;
Where all the Land with scorching heat is curst;
Better, the pools should flow with rain and floods
To fill my bottle, then I die with thirst.

Blest showers they are, and streams sent from above
 Begetting *Virgins* where they use to flow;
 And trees of life no other waters love,
 These upper springs and none else make them grow.

But these chaste fountains flow not till we dye;
 Some drops may fall before, but a clear spring
 And ever running, till we leave to fling
 Dirt in her way, will keep above the skie.

Rom. Cap. 6. ver. 7.

He that is dead, is freed from sin.

The Jews.

VVhen the fair year
 Of your deliverer comes,
 And that long frost which now benumbs
 Your hearts shall thaw; when Angels here
 Shall yet to man appear,
 And familiarly confer
 Beneath the Oke and Juniper:
 When the bright Dove
 Which now these many, many Springs
 Hath kept above,
 Shall with spread wings
 Descend, and living waters flow
 To make drie dust, and dead trees grow;

O then that I
 Might live, and see the Olive bear
 Her proper branches! which now lie
 Scattered each where,

And without root and sap decay
Cast by the husband-man away.

And sure it is not far !

For as your fast and soul decays
Forerunning the bright morning-star,
Did sadly note his healing rayes
Would shine elsewhere, since you were blind,
And would be cross, when God was kinde :

So by all signs

Our fulness too is now come in,
And the same Sun which here declines !
And sets, will few hours hence begin
To rise on you again, and look
Towards old *Mamre* and *Eshcol's* brook.

For surely he

Who lov'd the world so, as to give
His onely Son to make it free,
Whose spirit too doth mourn and grieve
To see man lost, will for old love
From your dark hearts this veil remove.

Faith sojourn'd first on earth in you,
You were the dear and chosen stock :
The Arm of God, glorious and true,
Was first reveal'd to be your rock.

You were the *eldest* childe, and when
Your stony hearts despised love,
The *youngest*, ev'n the Gentiles then
Were cheer'd, your jealousy to move.

Thus, Righteous Father ! dost thou deal
With Brutish men ; Thy gifts go round
By turns, and timely, and so heal
The lost Son by the newly found.

Begging

Begging.

117
I Do not go ! thou know'st, I'll dye !
 My *Spring* and *Fall* are in thy book !
 Or, if thou goest, do not deny
 To lend me, though from far, one look !

My sins long since have made thee strange,
 A very stranger unto me ;
 No morning-meetings since this change,
 Nor evening-walks have I with thee.

Why is my God thus slow and cold,
 When I am most, most sick and sad ?
 Well fare those blessed days of old
 When thou didst hear the *weeping Lad* !

O do not thou do as I did,
 Do not despise a Love-sick heart !
 What though some clouds defiance bid
 Thy Sun must shine in every part.

Though I have spoil'd, O spoil not thou !
 Hate not thine own dear gift and token !
 Poor birds sing best, and prettiest show,
 When their nest is safe and broken.

Dear Lord ! restore thy ancient peace,
 Thy quikning friendship, mans bright wealth !
 And if thou wilt not give me ease
 From sicknesse, give my spirit health !

Palm-

Palm-Sunday.

Come, drop your branches, strow the way
Plants of the day!
Whom sufferings make most green and gay.

The King of grief, the man of sorrow
Weeping still, like the wet-morrow,
Your shades and freshness comes to borrow.

Put on, put on your best array;
Let the joy'd rode make holy-day,
And flowers that into fields do stray,
Or secret groves, keep the high-way.

Trees, flowers & herbs; birds, beasts & stones,
That since man fell, expect with groans
To see the lamb, which all at once,
Lift up your heads and leave your moans!

For here comes he
Whose death will be
Mans life, and your full liberty.

Hark! how the children shril and high
Hosanna cry,
Their joys provoke the distant skie,
Where thrones and Seraphins reply,
And their own Angels shine and sing
In a bright ring:
Such yong, sweet mirth
Makes heaven and earth
Joyn in a joyful Symphony,

The harmless, yong and happy Afs,
 Seen long before * this came to pass,
 Is in these joys an high partaker
 Ordain'd, and made to bear his Maker.

Dear feast of Palms, of Flowers and Dew!
 Whose fruitful dawn sheds hopes and lights;
 Thy bright solemnities did shew,
 The third glad day through two sad nights.

I'll get me up before the Sun,
 I'll cut me boughs off many a tree,
 And all alone full early run
 To gather flowers to wellcome thee.

Then like the *Palm*, though wrong, I'll bear,
 I will be still a childe, still meek
 As the poor Afs, which the proud year,
 And onely my dear *Jesus* seek.

If I lose all, and must endure
 The proverb'd griefs of holy *Job*,
 I care not, so I may secure
 But one *green Branch* and a *white robe*.

* *Zechariah, chap. 9. ver. 9.*

Jesus

Jesus weeping.

S. Luke 19. ver. 41.

Bless'd, unhappy City? dearly lov'd
 But still unkinde! art this day nothing mov'd!
 Art senseless still? O can'st thou sleep
 When God himself for thee doth weep!
 Stiff-necked *Jews*! your fathers breed
 That serv'd the calf, not *Abrams* seed,
 Had not the Babes *Hosanna* cryed,
 The stones had spoke, what you denyed

Dear *Jesus* weep on! pour this latter
 Soul quickning rain, this living water
 On their dead hearts; but (O my fears!)
 They will drink blood, that despise tears.
 My dear, bright Lord! my Morning-star!
 Shed this live-dew on fields which far
 From hence long for it! shed it there,
 Where the starv'd earth groans for one tear!

This land, though with thy hearts blest extract fed,
 Will nothing yield but thorns to wound thy head.

The

The Daughter of *Herodias*.*St. Matth. chap. 14. ver. 6. &c.*

Vain, sinful Art ! who first did fit
 Thy lewd loath'd *Motions* unto *sounds*;
 And made grave *Musique* like wilde wit
 Erre in loose airs beyond her bounds ?

What fires hath he heap'd on his head ?
 Since to his fins (as needs it must,)
 His Art adds still (though he be dead,)
 New fresh accounts of blood and lust.

Leave then * yong Sorcerers; the Ice
 Will those coy spirits cast asleep,
 Which teach thee now to please * his eyes
 Who doth thy lothsome mother keep.

But thou hast pleas'd so well, he swears;
 And gratifies thy sin with vows:
 His shameless lust in publick wears;
 And to thy soft arts strongly bows.

Skilful *Inchantress* and true bred !
 Who out of evil can bring forth good ?
 Thy mothers nets in thee were spread,
 She tempts to *Incest*, thou to blood.

* Her name was Salome; in passing over a frozen river,
 the ice broke under her, and chopt off her head.

* Herod Antipas.

Jesus

Jesus weeping.

St. John chap. 11. ver. 35.

MY dear, Almighty Lord! why dost thou weep?
Why dost thou groan and groan again,
And with such deep,
Repeated sighs thy kinde heart pain,
Since the same sacred breath which thus
Doth Mourn for us,
Can make mans dead and scatter'd bones
Unite, and raise up all that dyed, at once?

O holy groans! Groans of the Dove!
O healing tears! the tears of love!
Dew of the dead! which makes dust move
And spring, how is't that you so sadly grieve,
Who can relieve?

Should not thy sighs refrain thy store
Of tears, and not provoke to more?
Since two afflictions may not raign
In one at one time, as some feign.
Those blasts, which o'r our heads here stray,
If showers then fall, will showers allay,
As those poor Pilgrims oft have tryed,
Who in this windy world abide.

Dear Lord! thou art all grief and love,
But which thou art most, none can prove.
Thou griev'st, man should himself undo,
And lov'st him, though he works thy wo.

'Twas not that vast, almighty measure
Which is requir'd to make up life,

Though

Silex Scintillans,

(Though purchas'd with thy hearts dear treasure,)
Did breed this strife

Of grief and pity in thy brest,
The throne where peace and power rest:
But 'twas thy love that (without leave,)
Made thine eyes melt, and thy heart heave;
For though death cannot so undo
What thou hast done, (but though man too
Should help to spoil) thou canst restore
All better far then 'twas before;
Yer, thou so full of pity art
(Pity which overflows thy heart!)
That, though the Cure of all mans harm
Is nothing to thy glorious arm,
Yet canst not thou that free Cure do,
But thou must sorrow for him too.

Then farewell joys! for while I live,
My business here shall be to grieve:
A grief that shall outshine all joys
For mirth and life, yet without noise:
A grief, whose silent dew shall breed
Lilies and Myrre, where the curs'd seed
Did sometimes rule. A grief so bright
'Twill make the Land of darkness light;
And while too many sadly roam,
Shall send me (*Swan-like*) fing'ring home.

Psal. 73. ver. 25.

*Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon
earth, that I desire besides thee.*

Providence.

Providence.

Sacred and secret hand!

By whose assisting, swift command
The Angel shewd that holy Well,
Which freed poor *Hagar* from her fears;
And turn'd to smiles the begging tears
Of yong, distressed *Ishmael*.

How in a mystick Cloud
(Which doth thy strange sure mercies shroud)
Doeſt thou convey man food and money
Unſeen by him, till they arrive
Juſt at his mouth, that thankleſs hive
Which kills thy Bees, and eats thy honey!

If I thy ſervant be
(Whoſe ſervice makes ev'n captives free,)
A fiſh ſhall all my tribute pay,
The ſwift-wing'd Raven ſhall bring me meat;
And I, like Flowers ſhall ſtill go neat;
As if I knew no moneth but *May*.

I will not fear what man;
With all his plots and power can;
Bags that wax old may plundered be,
But none can ſequeſter or let
A ſtate that with the Sun doth ſet
And comes next morning freſh as he.

Poor birds this doctrine ſing,
And herbs which on dry hills do ſpring
Or in the howling wilderneſs
Do know thy dewy morning-hours;

E

And

And watch all night for mists or showers,
Then drink and praise thy bounteousness.

May he for ever dye
Who trusts not thee ! but wretchedly
Hunts gold and wealth, and will not lend
Thy service, nor his soul one day :
May his Crown, like his hopes, be clay,
And what he saves, may his foes spend !

If all my portion here,
The measure given by thee each year
Were by my causeless enemies
Usurp'd ; it never should me grieve
Who know, how well thou canst relieve,
Whose hands are open as thine eyes.

Great King of love and truth !
Who would' st not hate my froward youth,
And wilt not leave me, when grown old ;
Gladly will I, like *Pontick* sheep,
Unto their wormwood-diet creep
Since thou hast made thy *Arm* my fold.

The

The
He
Where
To buy,

The Knot.

B Right Queen of Heaven! Gods Virgin Sponse!
The glad worlds blessed maid!
Whose beauty tyed life to thy house,
And brought us saving ayd.

Thou art the true Loves-knot; by thee
God is made our Allie,
And mans inferior Essence he
With his did digulfie.

For Coalescent by that Band
We are his body grown,
Nourished with favors from his hand
Whom for our head we own.

And such a Knot, what arm dares loose,
What life, what death can sever?
Which us in him, and him in us
United keeps for ever.

The Ornament.

T He lucky world shewd me one day
Her gorgeous Mart and glittering store,
Where with proud haste the rich made way
To buy, the poor came to adore.

Serious they seem'd and bought up all
 The latest Modes of pride and lust,
 Although the first must surely fall,
 And the last is most loathsome dust.

But while each gay, alluring wear
 With idle hearts and busie looks
 They viewd, (for idleness hath there
 Laid up all her Archives and books.)

Quite through their proud and pompons file
 Blushing, and in meek weeds array'd
 With native looks, which knew no guile,
 Came the sheep-keeping Syrian Maid.

Whom strait the shining Row all fae'd
 Forc'd by her artless looks and drefs,
 While once cryed out, We are disgrac'd!
 For she is bravest, you confess.

St. Mary Magdalen.

DEar, beauteous Saint! more white then day,
 When in his naked, pure array;
 Fresher then morning-flowers which shew
 As thou in tears dost, best in dew.
 How art thou chang'd! how lively-fair,
 Pleasing and innocent and air,
 Not tutor'd by thy glass, but free,
 Native and pure shines now in thee!
 But since thy beauty doth still keep
 Bloomy and fresh, why dost thou weep?

This dusky state of sighs and tears
 Durst not look on those smiling years,
 When *Magdal*-castle was thy seat,
 Where all was sumptuous, rare and neat.
 Why lies this *Hair* despised now
 Which once thy care and art did show ?
 Who then did dress the much lov'd toy,
 In *Spires*, *Globes*, angry *Curls* and coy,
 Which with skill'd negligence seem'd shed
 About thy curious, wilde, yong head ?
 Why is this rich, this *Pistic Nard*
 Spilt, and the box quite broke and marr'd ?
 What pretty fullness didst hast
 Thy easie hands to do this waste ?
 Why art thou humbled thus, and low
 As earth, thy lovely head dost bow ?

Dear *Soul*! thou knew'st, flowers here on earth
 At their Lords foot-stool have their birth ;
 Therefore thy wither'd self in haste
 Beneath his blest feet thou didst cast,
 That at the root of this green tree
 Thy great decays restor'd might be.
 Thy curious vanities and rare,
 Odorous ointments kept with care,
 And dearly bought, (when thou didst see
 They could not cure, nor comfort thee,)
 Like a wife, early Penitent
 Thou sadly didst to him present,
 Whose interceding, meek and calm
 Blood, is the worlds all-healing Balm.
 This, this Divine Restorative
 Call'd forth thy tears, which ran in live
 And hasty drops, as if they had
 (Their Lord so near) sense to be glad.
 Learn, *Ladies*, here the faithful cure
 Makes beauty lasting, fresh and pure ;
 Learn *Marys* art of tears, and then
 Say, *You have got the day from men.*

Cheap, mighty Art ! her Art of love,
Who lov'd much, and much more could move;

Her Art ! whose memory must last
Till truth through all the world be past,
Till his abus'd, despis'd flame
Return to Heaven, from whence it came,
And send a fire down, that shall bring
Destruction on his ruddy wing.

Her Art ! whose pensive, weeping eyes,
Were once sins loose and tempting spies,
But now are fixed stars, whose light
Helps such dark straglers to their fight.

Self-boasting *Pharisee* ! how blinde
A Judge wert thou, and how unkinde ?
It was impossible, that thou
Who wert all false, should'st true grief know ;
Is't just to judge her faithful tears
By that foul rheum thy false eye wears ?

This Woman (say'st thou) *is a sinner :*
And sate there none such at thy dinner ?
Go Leper, go ; wash till thy flesh
Comes like a childe, spotless and fresh ;
He is still leprous, that still paints :
Who Saint themselves, they are no *Saints*.

The

The Rain-bow.

STill yong and fine ! but what is still in view
 We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and new.
 How bright wert thou, when *Shems* admiring eye
 Thy burnish'd, flaming *Arch* did first descry !
 When *Terah*, *Nahor*, *Haran*, *Abram*, *Lot*,
 The youthful worlds gray fathers in one knot,
 Did with intentive looks watch every hour
 For thy new light, and trembled at each shower !
 When thou'dost shine darkness looks white and fair,
 Forms turn to Musick, clouds to smiles and air :
 Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
 Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
 Bright pledge of peace and Sun-shine ! the sure tye
 Of thy Lords hand, the * object of his eye.
 When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
 Distant and low, I can in thine see him,
 Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne
 And mindes the Covenant 'twixt *All* and *One*.
 O foul, deceitful men ! my God doth keep
 His promise still, but we break ours and sleep.
 After the *Fall*, the first sin was in *Blood*,
 And *Drunkennes* quickly did succeed the flood ;
 But since *Christ* dyed, (as if we did devise
 To lose him too, as well as *Paradise*,)
 These two grand sins we joyn and act together,
 Though blood & drunkeness make but foul, foul weather
Water (though both Heavens windows and the deep,
 Full forty days o'r the drown'd world did weep,)
 Could not reform us, and blood (in despight)
 Yea Gods own blood we tread upon and slight.

* *Gen. chap. 9. ver. 16.*

So those bad daughters, which God sav'd from fire,
While *Sodom* yet did smoke, lay with their fire.

Then peaceful, signal bow, but in a cloud
Still lodged, where all thy unseen arrows shrowd,
I will on thee, as on a Comet look,
A Comet, the sad worlds ill-boding book;
Thy light as luctual and stain'd with woes
I'll judge, where penal flames sit mixt and close.
For though some think, thou shin'st but to restrain
Bold storms, and simply dost attend on rain,
Yet I know well, and so our sins require,
Thou dost but Court cold rain, till *Rain* turns *Fire*.

The Seed growing secretly.

S. Mark 4. 26.

IF this worlds friends might see but once
What some poor man may often feel,
Glory, and gold, and Crowns and Thrones
They would soon quit and learn to kneel.

My dew, my dew! my early love,
My souls bright food, thy absence kills!
Hever not long, eternal Dove!
Life without thee is loose and spills.

Something I had, which long ago
Did learn to suck, and sip, and taste,
But now grown sickly, sad and slow,
Doth fret and wrangle, pine and waste;

O spred thy sacred wings and shake
One living drop ! one drop life keeps !
If pious griefs Heavens joys awake,
O fill his bottle ! thy childe weeps !

Slowly and sadly doth he grow,
And soon as left shrinks back to ill ;
O feed that life, which makes him blow
And spred and open to thy will !

For thy eternal, living wells
None stain'd or wither'd shall come near :
A fresh, immortal *green* there dwells,
And spotless *white* is all the wear.

Dear, secret *Greenness* ! nurst below
Tempests and windes, and winter-nights,
Vex not, that but one sees thee grow,
That *One* made all these lesser lights.

If those bright joys he singly sheds
On thee, were all met in one Crown,
Both Sun and Stars would hide their heads ;
And Moons, though full, would get them down.

Let glory be their bait, whose mindes
Are all too high for a low Cell :
Though Hawks can prey through storms and
The poor Bee in her hive must dwell. (winds,

Glory, the Crouds cheap tinsel still
To what most takes them, is a drudge ;
And they too oft take good for ill,
And thriving vice for verne judge.

What needs a Conscience calm and bright
Within it self an outward test ?

Who

Who breaks his glass to take more light,
Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb ;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life and watch,
Till the white winged Reapers come !



As time one day by me did pass
Through a large dusky glasse
He held, I chanc'd to look
And spyed his curious book
Of past days, where sad Heav'n did shed
A mourning light upon the dead.

Many disorderd lives I saw
And foul records which thaw
My kind eyes still, but in
A fair, white page of thin
And ev'n, smooth lines, like the Suns rays,
Thy name was writ, and a'l thy days.

O bright and happy Kalendar !
Where youth shines like a star
All pearl'd with tears, and may
Teach age, *The Holy way* ;
Where through thick pangs, high agonies
Faith into life breaks, and death dies.

As some meek night-piece which day quails,
To candle-light unveils :
So by one beamy line
From thy bright lamp did shine ;

In the same page thy humble grave
Set with green herbs, glad hopes and brave.

Here slept my thoughts dear mark ! which
Seem'd to devour, like rust ; (dust
But dust (I did observe)
By hiding doth preserve,
As we for long and sure recruits,
Candy with sugar our choice fruits.

O calm and sacred bed where lies
In deaths dark mysteries
A beauty far more bright
Then the noons cloudless light ;
For whose dry dust green branches bud
And robes are bleach'd in the Lamb's blood

Sleep happy ashes ! (blessed sleep !)
While hapless I still weep ;
Weep that I have out liv'd
My life, and unreliev'd
Must (soul-less shadow !) so live on,
Though life be dead, and my joys gone.



F Air and yong light ! my guide to holy
Grief and soul-curing melancholy ;
Whom living here I did still shun
As sullen night-ravens do the Sun,
And lead by my own foolish fire
Wandred through darkness, dens and mire.
How am I now in love with all
That I term'd then meer bonds and thrall,

And

And led by my own foolish fire;
 Wandred through darkness dens and mire.
 How am I now in love withal
 That I term'd then mere bonds and thrall,
 And to thy name, which still I keep,
 Like the surviving turtle, weep!
 O bitter curs'd delights of men!
 Our souls diseases first, and then
 Our bodies; poysons that Intreat
 With fatal sweetness, till we eat;
 How artfully do you destroy,
 That kill with smiles and seeming joy?
 If all the subtilties of vice
 Stood bare before unpractic'd eyes,
 And every act she doth commence
 Had writ down its sad consequence,
 Yet would not men grant, their ill fate
 Lodged in those false looks, till too late.
 O holy, happy, healthy heaven,
 Where all is pure, where all is even,
 Plain, harmless, faithful, fair and bright,
 But what Earth breaths against thy light!
 How blest had men been, had their Sire
 Liv'd still in league with thy chaste fire,
 Nor made life through her long descents,
 A slave to lustful Elements!
 I did once read in an old book
 Soil'd with many a weeping look,
That the seeds of foul sorrows be
The finest things that are, to see.
 So that sam'd fruit which made all dye
 Seem'd fair unto the womans eye.
 If these supplanters in the shade
 Of Paradise, could make man fade,
 How in this world should they deter
 This world, their fellow-murderer!
 And why then grieve we to be sent
 Home by our first fair punishment,

Without

Without addition to our woes
And lingring wounds from weaker foes?
Since that doth quickly freedom win,
For he that's dead, is freed from sin.

O that I were winged and free
And quite undrest just now with thee,
Where freed souls dwel by living fountains
On everlasting, spicy mountains!
Alas! my God! take home thy sheep;
This world but laughs at those that weep.

The Stone.

Josh. chap. 24. ver. 27.

I have it now:
But where to aſt, that none ſhall know,
Where I ſhall have no cauſe to fear
An eye or ear,
What man will ſhow?
If nights, and ſhades, and ſecret rooms,
Silent as tombs,
Will nor conceal nor aſſent to
My dark deſigns, what ſhall I do?
Man I can bribe, and woman will
Conſent to any gainful ill,
But theſe dumb creatures are ſo true,
No gold nor gifts can them ſubdue.
Hedges have ears, ſaid the old ſooth,
And ev'ry buſh is ſomethings booth;

This

This cautious fools mistake, and fear
Nothing but man, when ambush'd there.

But I (Alas!)

Was shown one day in a strange glass
That busie commerce kept between
God and his Creatures, though unseen.

They hear, see, speak,
And into loud discoveries break,
As loud as blood. Not that God needs
Intelligence: whose spirit feeds
All things with life, before whose eyes,
Hell and all hearts stark naked lyes.
But * he that judgeth as he hears,
He that accuseth none, so steers
His righteous course, that though he knows
All that man doth, conceals or shows,
Yet will not he by his own light
(Though both all-seeing and all right,)
Condemn men; but will try them by
A process, which ev'n mans own eye
Must needs acknowledge to be just.

Hence sand and dust
Are shak'd for witnesses, and stones
Which some think dead, shall all at once
With one attesting voice detect
Those secret sins we least suspect.
For know, wilde men, that when you see
Each thing turns Scribe and Register,
And in obedience to his Lord,
Doth your most private sin record!

The Law delivered to the Jews,
Who promis'd much, but did refuse

* John chap. 5. ver. 36. 45.

Performance, will for that same deed
 Against them by a *stone* proceed;
 Whose substance, though 'tis hard enough,
 Will prove their hearts more stiff and tuff.
 But now, since God on himself took
 What all mankind could never brook,
 If any (for he all invites)
 His easie yoke rejects or slights,
 The Gospel then (for 'tis his word
 And not himself * shall judge the world)
 Will by loose *Dust* that man arraign;
 As one then dust more vile and vain.

* *St. John, chap. 12. ver. 47, 48.*

The dwelling-place.

S. John, chap. 1. ver. 38, 39.

WHat happy, secret fountain,
 Fair shade, or mountain,
 Whose undiscover'd virgin glory
 Boasts it this day, though not in story,
 Was then thy dwelling? did some cloud
 Fix'd to a Tent, descend and shroud
 My distressed Lord? or did a star
 Becken'd by thee, though high and far,
 In sparkling smiles haste gladly down
 To lodge light, and increase her own?
 My dear, dear God! I do not know
 What lodg'd thee then, nor where, nor how,
 But I am sure, thou dost now come
 Oft to a narrow, homely room,
 Where thou too hast but the least part,
 My God, I mean my sinful heart.

The

The Men of War.

S. Luke, chap. 23. ver. 11.

I*F any have an ear
 Saith holy * John, then let him hear.
 He that into Captivity
 Leads others, shall a Captive be,
 Who with the sword doth others kill,
 A sword shall his blood likewise spill.
 Here is the patience of the Saints,
 And the true faith, which never faints.*

Were not thy word (dear Lord!) my light,
 How would I run to endless night,
 And persecuting thee and thine,
 Enact for *Saints* my self and mine.
 But now enlighten'd thus by thee,
 I dare not think such villany;
 Nor for a temporal self-end
 Successful wickedness commend.
 For in this bright, instructing verse
 Thy *Saints* are not the Conquerers;
 But patient, meek, and overcome
 Like thee, when set at naught and dumb.
 Armies thou hast in Heaven, which fight,
 And follow thee all cloath'd in white,
 But here on earth (though thou hast need)
 Thou wouldst no legions, but wouldst bleed.
 The sword wherewith thou dost command
 Is in thy mouth, not in thy hand,

* *Revel. cap. 13. ver. 10.*

And

And all thy Saints do overcome
By thy blood, and their Martyrdom.
But seeing Soldiers long ago
Did spit on thee, and smote thee too;
Crown'd thee with thorns, and bow'd thee
But in contempt, as still we see, (knee,
I'll marvel not at ought they do,
Because they us'd my Savior so;
Since of thy Lord they had their will,
The servant must not take it ill.

Dear *Jesus* give me patience here,
And faith to see my Crown as near
And almost reach'd, because 'tis sure
If I hold fast and slight the *Lure*.
Give me humility and peace,
Contented thoughts, innoxious ease,
A sweet, revengeless, quiet minde,
And to my greatest haters kinde.
Give me, my God! a heart as milde
And plain, as when I was a childe;
That when thy *Throne* is set, and all
These *Conquerors* before it fall,
I may be found (preserv'd by thee)
Amongst that chosen company,
Who by no blood (here) overcame
But the blood of the *blessed Lamb*.

F

The

The Ass.

St. Matt. 21.

THOU ! who didst place me in this busie street
 Of flesh and blood, where two ways meet :
 The *One* of goodness. peace and life,
 The *other* of death, sin and strife ;
 Where frail visibles rule the minde,
 And present things finde men most kinde :
 Where obscure cares the *mean* defeat,
 And splendid vice destroys the *great* ;
 As thou didst set no law for me,
 But that of perfect liberty,
 Which neither tyres, nor doth corrode,
 But is a *Pillow*, not a *Load* :
 So give me grace ever to rest,
 And build on it, because the best ;
 Teach both mine eyes and feet to move
 Within those bounds set by thy love ;
 Grant I may soft and lowly be,
 And minde those things I cannot see ;
 Tye me to faith, though above reason,
 Who question power, they speak treason :
 Let me thy Ass be onely wise
 To carry, not search mysteries ;
 Who carries thee, is by thee lead,
 Who argues, follows his own head.
 To check bad motions, keep me still
 Amongst the dead, where thriving ill
 without his brags and conquests lies,
 And truth (opprest here) gets the prize.
 At all times, whatsoe'r I do,
 Let me not fail to question, who

Shares in the *all*, and puts me to't?
 And if not thou, let not me do't.
 Above all, make me love the poor;
 Those burthens to the rich mans door,
 Let me admire those, and be kinde
 To low estates, and a low minde.
 If the world offers to me ought,
 That by thy book must not be sought,
 Or thought it should be lawful, may
 Prove not expedient for thy way;
 To shun that peril, let thy grace
 Prevail with me to shun the place.
 Let me be wise to please thee still,
 And let men call me what they will.

When thus thy milde, instructing hand
 Findes thy poor *foal* at thy command,
 When he from wilde is become wise,
 And slights that most, which men most prize
 When all things here to thistles turn
 Pricking his lips, till he doth mourn
 And hang the head, sighing for those
 Pastures of life, where the Lamb goes:
 O then, just then! break or untye
 These bonds, this sad captivity,
 This leaden stare, which men miscall
 Being and life, but is dead thrall.
 And when (O God!) the *Ass* is free,
 In a state known to none but thee;
 O let him by his *Lord* be led,
 To living springs, and there be fed
 Where light, joy health and perfect peace
 Shut out all pain and each disease;
 Where death and frailty are forgotten,
 And bones rejoyce, which once were broken!

though

The hidden Treasure.

S. Matt. 13. 44.

W*Hat can the man do that succeeds the * King?
Even what was done before, and no new thing.*

Who shews me but one grain of sincere light?
False stars and fire-drakes, the deceits of night
Set forth to fool and foil thee, do not boast;
Such Coal-flames shew but Kitchen-rooms at most.
And those I saw search'd through; yea those and all
That these three thousand years time did let fall
To blinde the eyes of lookers-back, and I
Now all is done, finde all is vanity.

Those secret searches, which afflict the wise,
Paths that are hidden from the *Vulturs* eyes
I saw at distance, and where grows that fruit
Which others onely grope for and dispute.

The worlds lov'd wisdom (for the worlds friends think
There is none else) did not the dreadful brink
And precipice it leads to, bid me flie
None could with more advantage use, then I.

Mans favorite sins, those tainting appetites
Which nature breeds, and some fine clay invites,
With all their soft, kinde arts and easie strains
Which strongly operate, though without pains,
Did not a greater beauty rule mine eyes,
None would more dote on, nor so soon entice.
But since these sweets are sowre, and poyson'd here
Where the impure seeds flourish all the year,
And private Tapers will but help to stray
Ev'n those, who *by them* would finde out the day,

* *Ecclesiastes, chap. 2. 12.*

I'll seal my eyes up, and to thy commands
Submit my wilde heart, and restrain my hands ;
I will do nothing, nothing know, nor see
But what thou bidst, and shew'st, and teachest me.
Look what thou gav'st ; all that I do restore
But for one thing, though purchas'd once before.

Childe-hood.

I Cannot reach it ; and my striving eye
Dazles at it, as at eternity.

Were now that Chronicle alive,
Those white designs which children drive,
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
With their content too in my pow'r,
Quickly would I make my path even,
And by meer playing go to Heaven.

Why should men love
A Wolf, more then a Lamb or Dove ?
Or choose hell-fire and brimstone streams
Before bright stars, and Gods own beams ?
Who kisseth thorns, will hurt his face,
But flowers do both refresh and grace,
And sweetly living (*fit on men !*)
Are when dead, medicinal then.
If seeing much should make staid eyes,
And long experience should make wise ;
Since all that age doth teach, is ill,
Why should I not love childe-hood still ?
Why if I see a rock or shelf,
Shall I from thence cast down my self,

Or by complying with the world,
From the same precipice be hurl'd?
Those observations are but foul
Which make me wise to lose my soul.

And yet the *Practice* worldlings call
Business and weighty action all,
Checking the poor childe for his play,
But gravely cast themselves away.

Dear, harmless age! the short, swift span,
Where weeping virtue parts with man;
Where love without lust dwells, and bends
What way we please, without self-ends.

An age of mysteries! which he
Must live twice, that would Gods face see;
Which *Angels* guard, and with it play,
Angels! which soul men drive away.

How do I study now, and scan
Thee, more then ere I studyed man,
And onely see through a long night
Thy edges, and thy bordering light!
O for thy Center and mid day!
For sure that is the *narrow way*.

The

The Night.

John 2. 3.

Through that pure *Virgin-sprine*,
That sacred veil drawn o'r thy glorious noon
That men might look and live as Glo-worms shine,
And face the Moon :
Wife *Nicodemus* saw such light
As made him know his God by night.

Most blest believer he !
Who in that land of darkness and blinde eyes
Thy long expected healing wings could see,
When thou didst rise,
And what can never more be done,
Did at mid-night speak with the Sun !

O who will tell me, where
He found thee at that dead and silent hour !
What hallow'd solitary ground did bear
So rare a flower,
Within whose sacred leaves did lie
The fulness of the Deity.

No mercy-seat of gold,
No dead and dusty *Cherub*, nor carv'd stone,
But his own living works did my Lord hold
And lodge alone ;
Where trees and herbs did watch and peep
And wonder, while the *Jews* did sleep.

Dear night ! this worlds defeat ;
 The stop to busie fools ; cares check and curb ;
 The day of Spirits ; my souls calm retreat
 Which none disturb !
Christs * progress. and his prayer time ;
 The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.

Gods silent, searching flight :
 When my Lords head is fill'd with dew, and all
 His locks are wet with the clear drops of night ;
 His still, soft call ;
 His knocking time ; The souls dumb watch,
 When Spirits their fair kinned catch.

Were all my loud, evil days
 Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark Tent,
 Whose peace but by some *Angels* wing or voice
 Is seldom rent ;
 Then I in Heaven all the long year
 Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the Sun
 Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tyre
 Themselves and others, I consent and run
 To ev'ry myre,
 And by this worlds ill-guiding light,
 Erre more then I can do by night.

There is in God (some say)
 A deep, but dazling darkness ; As men here
 Say it is late and dusky, because they
 See not all clear ;
 O for that night ! where I in him
 Might live invisible and dim.

* *Mark*, chap. i. 35. *S. Luke*, chap. 21. 37.

Abels

Abels blood.

SAd, purple well ! whose bubbling eye
Did first against a Murth'rer cry ;
Whose streams still vocal, still complain
Of bloody *Cain*,

And now at evening are as red
As in the morning when first sh^d.

If single thou

(Though single voices are but 'ow,)
Could'it such a shrill and long cry rear
As speaks still in thy makers ear,
What thunders shall those men arraign
Who cannot count those they have slain,
Who bath not in a shallow flood,
But in a deep, wide sea of blood ?
A sea, whose lowd waves cannot sleep,
But *Deep* still calleth upon *deep* :
Whose urgent sound like unto that
Of many waters, beateth at
The everlasting doors above,
Where souls behinde the altar move,
And with one strong, incessant cry
Inquire *How long ?* of the most high.

Almighty Judge !

At whose just laws no just men grudge ;
Whose blessed, sweet commands do pour
Comforts and joys, and hopes each hour
On those that keep them ; O accept
Of his vow'd heart, whom thou hast kept
From bloody men ! and grant, I may
That sworn memorial duly pay
To thy bright arm, which was my light
And leader through thick death and night!

I may

I may that flood,
 That proudly spilt and despis'd blood,
 Speechless and calm, as Infants sleep !
 Or if it watch, forgive and weep
 For those that spilt it ! May no cries
 From the low earth to high Heaven rise,
 But what (like his, whose blood peace brings)
 Shall (when they rise) *speake better things.*
 Then *Abels* doth ! may *Abel* be
 Still single heard, while these agree
 With his milde blood in voice and will,
 Who pray'd for those that did him kill !

Righteousness.

FAir, solitary path ! Whose blessed shades
 The old, white Prophets planted first and drest :
 Leaving for us (whose goodness quickly fades,)
 A shelter all the way, and bowers to rest.

Who is the man that walks in thee? who loves
 Heavns secret solitude, those fair abodes
 Where turtles build, and careless sparrows move
 Without to morrows evils and future loads ?

Who hath the upright heart, the single eye,
 The clean, pure hand, which never medled pitch ?
 Who sees *Invisibles*, and doth comply
 With hidden treasures that make truly rich ?

He that doth seek and love
 The things above,

Whose

Whose spirit ever poor, is meek and low ;
 Who simple still and wise,
 still homewards flies,
 Quick to advance, and to retreat most slow.

Whose acts, words and pretence
 have all one sense,
 One aim and end ; who walks not by his sight :
 Whole eyes are both put out,
 And goes about
 Guided by faith, not by exterior light.

Who spills no blood, nor spreads
 Thorns in the beds
 Of the distressed, hastening their overthrow ;
 Making the time they had
 Bitter and sad
 Like *Chronic* prayers, which surely kill, though slow.

Who knows earth nothing hath
 Worth love or wrath,
 But in his *hope* and *Rock* is ever glad.
 Who seeks and follows peace,
 when with the ease
 And health of conscience it is to be had.

Who bears his cross with joy
 And doth employ
 His heart and tongue in prayers for his foes ;
 Who lends, not to be paid,
 And gives full aid
 Without that bribe which Usurers impose.

Who never looks on man
 Fearful and wan,
 But firmly trusts in God ; the great mans measure
 Though high and haughty must
 Be ta'en in dust,
 But the good man is Gods peculiar treasure.

Who

Who doth thus, and doth not
These good deeds blot
With bad, or with neglect; and heaps not wrath
By secret filth, nor feeds
Some snake, or weeds,
Cheating himself; That man walks in this path.

Anguish.

My God and King ! to thee
I bow my kneec,
I bow my troubled soul, and greet
With my foul heart thy holy feet.
Cast it, or tread it ! It shall do
Even what thou wilt, and praise thee too.

My God, could I weep blood,
Gladly I would ;
Of if thou wilt give me that Art,
Which through the eyes pours out the hart,
I will exhaust it all, and make
My self all tears, a weeping lake.

O ! 'tis an easie thing
To write and sing ;
But to write true, unfeigned verse
Is very hard ! O God, disperse
These weights, and give my spirit leave
To act as well as to conceive !

O my God, hear my cry ;
Or let me dye !

Tears.

O When my God, my glory brings
His white and holy train,
Unto those clear and living *Springs*,
Where comes no *stain*!

Where all is *light*, and *flowers*, and *fruit*,
And *joy*, and *rest*,
Make me amongst them ('tis my suit!)
The last one, and the least.

And when they all are fed, and have
Drunk of thy living stream,
Bid thy poor *Afs* (with tears I crave!)
Drink after them.

Thy love claims highest thanks, my sin
The lowest pitch:
But if he pays, who *loves much*, then
Thou hast made beggars rich.

Jacobs

Jacobs Pillow, and Pillar.

I See the Temple in thy Pillar rear'd,
 And that dread glory, which thy children fear'd;
 In milde, clear visions, without a frown,
 Unto thy solitary self is shown.
 'Tis number makes a Schism: throngs are rude;
 And God himself dyed by the multitude.
 This made him put on clouds, and fire and smoke,
 Hence he in thunder to thy Off spring spoke;
 The small, still voice, at some low Cottage knocks,
 But a strong wind must break thy lofty rocks.

The first true worship of the worlds great King
 From private and select'd hearts did spring,
 But he most willing to save all mankind,
 Inlarg'd that light, and to the bad was kinde.
 Hence Catholick or Universal came
 A most fair notion, but a very name.
 For this rich Pearl, like some more common stone,
 When once made publique is esteem'd by none.
 Man flights his Maker, when familiar grown,
 And sets up laws, to pull his honor down.
 This God foresaw: And when slain by the crowd
 (Under that stately and mysterious cloud
 Which his death scatter'd) he foretold the place,
 And form to serve him in, should be true grace
 And the meek heart, not in a Mount, nor at
Jerusalem, with blood of beasts, and fat.
 A heart is that dread place, that awful Cell,
 That secret Ark, where the milde Dove doth dwell
 When the proud waters rage: when Heathens rule
 By Gods permission, and man turns a Mule.

This

This little *Goshen*, in the midst of night.
And *Sarans* seat, in all her Coasts hath light,
Yea *Bethel* shall have Tithes (saith *Israels* stone)
And vows and visions, though her soes crye, None.
Thus is the solemn temple sunk agen
Into a Pillar, and conceal'd from men:
And glory be to his eternal Name!
Who is contented, that this holy flame
Shall lodge in such a narrow pit, till he
With his strong arm turns our captivity.

But blessed *Jacob*, though thy sad distress
Was just the same with ours, and nothing less,
For thou a brother, and blood-thirsty too
Didst flye, * whose children wrought thy childrens wo:
Yet thou in all thy solitude and grief,
On stones didst sleep and found'st but cold relief;
Thou from the Day-star a long way didst stand
And all that distance was Law and command.
But we a healing Sun by day and night,
Have our sure Guardian, and our leading light;
What thou didst hope for and believe, we finde
And feel a friend most ready, sure and kinde.
Thy pillow was but type and shade at best,
But we the substance have, and on him rest.

* *Obadiab chap. 1. 11. Amos chap. 1. 11.*

The

The Agreement.

I Wrote it down. But one that saw
 And envied that Record, did since
 Such a mist over my minde draw,
 It quite forgot that purpos'd glimpse.
 I read it sadly oft, but still
 Simply believ'd, 'twas not my Quill,

At length, my lifes kinde Angel came,
 And with his bright and busie wing
 Scatt'ring that cloud, shewd me the flame
 Which strait, like Morning-stars did sing;
 And shine, and point me to a place;
 Which all the year sees the Suns face.

Obeamy book ! O my mid-day
 Exterminating fears and night !
 The mount, whose white Ascendents may
 Be in conjunction with true light !
 My thoughts, when towards thee they move,
 Glitter and kindle with thy love.

Thou art the oyl and the wine-house :
 Thine are the present healing leaves,
 Blown from the tree of life to us
 By his breath whom my dead heart heaves.
 Each page of thine hath true life in't,
 And Gods bright minde exprest in print.

Most modern books are blots on thee,
 Their doctrine chaff and windy fits :
 Darken'd along, as their scribes be,
 With those foul storms, when they were writ ;
 While the mans zeal lays out and blends
 Onely self-worship and self-ends.

Thou

Thou art the faithful, pearly rock,
The Hive of beamy, living lights,
Ever the same, whose diffus'd stock
Entire still, wears out blackest nights.

Thy lines are rays, the true Sun sheds ;
Thy leaves are healing wings he spreads.

For until thou didst comfort me,
I had not one poor word to say :
Thick busie clouds did multiply,
And said, I was no childe of day ;
They said, my own hands did remove
That candle given me from above.

O God ! I know and do confess
My sins are great and still prevail,
Most heynous sins and numberless !
But thy *Compassions* cannot fail.

If thy sure mercies can be broken,
Then all is true, my foes have spoken.

But while time runs, and after it
Eternity, which never ends,
Quite through them both, still infinite
Thy Covenant by *Christ* extends ;
No sins of frailty, nor of youth
Can foil his merits, and thy truth.

And this I hourly finde, for thou
Dost still renew, and purge and heal :
Thy care and love, which joynly flow
New Cordials, new *Cathartics* deal.

But were I once cast off by thee
I know (my God!) this would not be.

Wherefore with tears (tears by thee sent)
I beg, my faith may never fail !

G

And

And when in death my speech is spent,
 O let that silence then prevail !
 O chase in that cold calm my soes,
 And hear my hearts last private throws!

So thou, who didst the work begin
 (For I till * drawn came not to thee)
 Wilt finish it, and by no sin
 Will thy free mercies hindred be.
 For which, O God, I onely can
 Bless thee, and blame unthankful man.

* *St. John, chap. 6. ver. 44. 65.*

The day of Judgement.

O Day of life, of light, of love!
 The onely day dealt from above!
 A day so fresh, so bright, so brave
 Twill shew us each forgotten grave,
 And make the dead, like flowers, arise
 Youthful and fair to see new skies:
 All other days, compar'd to thee,
 Are but lights weak minority,
 They are but veils, and Cypers drawn
 Like Clouds, before thy glorious dawn.
 O come, arise, shine, do not stay
 Dearly lov'd day!
 The fields are long since white, and I
 With earnest groans for freedom cry,
 My fellow creatures too say, *Come!*
 And stones, though speechless, are not dumb.

When

When shall we hear that glorious voice
Of life and joys ?

That voice, which to each secret bed
Of my Lords dead,

Shall bring true day, and make dust see,
The way to immortality.

When shall those first white Pilgrims rise.

Whose holy, happy Histories

(Because they sleep so long) some men
Count but the blots of a vain pen ?

Dear Lord ! make haste,

Sin every day commits more waste,

And thy old enemy, which knows

His time is short, more raging grows.

Nor moan I only (though profuse)

Thy Creatures bondage and abuse ;

But what is highest sin and shame,

The vile despight done to thy name ;

The forgeries, which impious wit

And power force on Holy Writ,

With all detestable designs

That may dishonor those pure lines.

O God ! though mercy be in thee

The greatest attribute we see,

And the most needful for our sins ;

Yet, when thy mercy nothing wins

But meer disdain, let not man say

Thy arm doth sleep ; but wite this day

Thy judging one : Descend, descend !

Make all things new ! and without end !

Psalm 65.

Sions true, glorious God ! on thee
 Praise waits in all humility.
 All flesh shall unto thee repair,
 To thee, O thou that hearest prayer !
 But sinful words and works still spread
 And over-run my heart and head ;
 Transgressions make me foul each day,
 O purge them, purge them all away !

Happy is he ! whom thou wilt choose
 To serve thee in thy blessed house !
 Who in thy holy Temple dwells,
 And fill'd with joy, thy goodness tells !
 King of Salvation ! by strange things
 And terrible, Thy Justice brings
 Man to his duty. Thou alone
 Art the worlds hope, and but thee, none.
 Sailers that flote on flowing seas.
 Stand firm by thee, and have sure peace.
 Thou still'st the loud waves, when most
 And mak'st the raging people mild. (wild
 Thy arm did first the mountains lay
 And girds their rocky heads this day.
 The most remote, who know not thee,
 At thy great works astonish'd be.

The *outgoings* of the *Even* and *Dawn*,
 In *Antiphones* sing to thy Name.
 Thou visit'st the low earth, and then
 Water' st it for the sons of men,

Thy

Thy upper river, which abounds
 With fertil streams, makes rich all grounds,
 And by thy mercies still supplied
 The sower doth his bread provide.
 Thou water'st every ridge of land
 And settlest with thy secret hand
 The furrows of it; then thy warm
 And opening showers (restrain'd from harm)
 Soften the mould, while all unseen
 The blade grows up alive and green.
 The year is with thy goodness crown'd,
 And all thy paths drop fatness round,
 They drop upon the wilderness,
 For thou dost even the desarts bless,
 And hills full of springing pride,
 Wear fresh adornments on each side.
 The fruitful flocks fill every Dale,
 And purling Corn doth cloath the Vales;
 They shout for joy, and joyntly sing,
Glory to the eternal King!

G 3

The

The Throne.

Revel. chap. 20. ver. 11.

When with these eyes clos'd now by thee,
 But then restor'd,
 The great and white throne I shall see
 Of my dread Lord :
 And lowly kneeling (for the most
 Stiff then must kneel)
 Shall look on him, at whose high cost
 (Unseen) such joys I feel.

What ever arguments, or skill
 Wise heads shall use,
 Tears onely and my blushes still
 I will produce.
 And should those speechless beggars fail,
 Which oft have won ;
 Then taught by thee, I will prevail,
 And say, *Thy will be done !*

Death.

Death.

THough since thy first sad entrance by
 Just *Abels* blood,
 'Tis now six thousand years well nigh,
 And still thy sov'rainty holds good:
 Yet by none art thou understood.

We talk and name thee with much ease
 As a tryed thing,
 And every one can slight his lease
 As if it ended in a Spring,
 Which shades & bowers doth rent-free bring.

To thy dark land these heedless go:
 But there was *One*,
 Who search'd it quite through to and fro,
 And then returning, like the Sun,
 Discover'd all, that there is done.

And since his death, we throughly see
 All thy dark way;
 Thy shades but thin and narrow be,
 Which his first looks will quickly fray:
 Mists make but triumphs for the day.

As harmless violets, which give
 Their virtues here
 For salves and syrups, while they live,
 Do after calmly disappear,
 And neither grieve, repine, nor fear:

So dye his servants; and as sure
 Shall they revive.
 Then let not dust your eyes obscure,

But lift them up, where still alive,
Though fled from you, their spirits hive.

The Feast. :

O Come away,
Make no delay,
Come while my heart is clean & freeddy !
While Faith and Grace
Adorn the place,
Making dust and ashes ready.

No blifs here lent
Is permanent,
Such triumphs poor flesh cannot merit ;
Short sips and fights
Endear delights,
Who seeks for more, he would inherit.

Come then true bread,
Quickning the dead,
Whose eater shall not, cannot dye,
Come, antedate
On me that state
Which brings poor dust the victory.

I victory
Which from thine eye
Breaks as the day doth from the east,
When the spilt dew,
Like tears doth shew
The sad world wept to be releast.

Spring

Spring up, O wine,
And springing shine
With some glad message from his heart,
Who did, when slain,
These means ordain
For me to have in him a part.

Such a sure part
In his blest heart,
The well, where living waters spring,
That with it fed
Poor dust though dead
Shall rise again, and live and sing.

O drink and bread
Which strikes death dead,
The food of mans immortal being!
Under veils here
Thou art my cheer,
Present and sure without my seeing.

How dost thou flye
And search and pry
Through all my parts, and like a quick
And knowing lamp
Hunt out each damp,
Whose shadow makes me sad or sick?

O what high joys
The Turtles voice
And songs I hear! O quickning showers
Of my Lords blood
You make rocks bud
And crown dry hills with wells & flowers!

For this true ease
This healing peace,
For this taste of living glory,

My

My soul and all,
Kneel down and fall
And sing his sad victorious story.

O thorny crown
More soft then down !
O painful Cross, my bed of rest !
O spear, the key
opening the way !
O thy worst fate, my onely best !

Oh ! all thy griefs,
Are my reliefs,
And all my sins, thy sorrows were !
And what can I,
To this reply ;
What (O God!) but a silent tear ?

Some toil and sorrow,
That wealth may flow,
And dress this earth for next years meat:
But let me heed,
Why thou dost bleed,
And what in the next world to eat.

Revel. chap. 19. ver. 9.

Blessed are they, which are called unto the marriage
Supper of the Lamb !

The

The Obsequies.

Since dying for me, thou didst crave no more
 Then common pay,
 Some few true tears, and those shed for
 My own ill way;
 With a cheap, plain remembrance still
 Of thy sad death,
 Because forgetfulness would kill
 Even lifes own breath:
 I were most foolish and unkind
 In my own sense,
 Should I not ever bear in mind
 If not thy mighty love, my own defense.
 Therefore, those loose delights and lusts, which here
 Men call good cheer,
 I will close girt and tyed
 For mourning sack-cloth wear, all mortified.

Not but that mortuaries too, can have
 Rich weeds and shrouds;
 For some wore White ev'n in thy grave,
 And Joy, like light, shines oft in clouds:
 But thou, who didst make whole life earn,
 Dost so invite, and woo me still,
 That to be merry I want still,
 And time to learn.

Besides, those Kerchiefs sometimes shed
 To make me brave,
 I cannot find, but where thy head
 Was once laid for me in thy grave.
 Thy grave! To which my thoughts shall move
 Like Bees in storme unto their Hive,
 That from the meddling worlds false love
 Thy death may keep my soul alive.

The

The Water-fall.

With what deep murmurs through times silent
stealth

Doth thy transparent, cool and watry wealth

Here flowing fall,

And chide, and call,

As if his liquid, loose Retinue staid

Lingring, and were of this steep place afraid,

The common pass

Where, clear as glass,

All must descend

Not to an end :

But quickned by this deep and rocky grave,

Rise to a longer course more bright and brave.

Dear stream ! dear bank, where often I
Have sat, and pleas'd my pensive eye,
Why, since each drop of thy quick store
Runs thither, whence it flow'd before.
Should poor souls fear a shade or night,
Who came (sure) from a sea of light ?
Or since those drops are all sent back
So sure to thee, that none doth lack,
Why should frail flesh doubt any more
That what God takes, hee'l not restore ?

Useful Element and clear !
My sacred wash and cleanser here,
My first configner unto those
Fountains of life, where the Lamb goes ?
What sublime truths, and wholesome themes,
Lodge in thy mystical, deep streams !

Such

Such as dull man can never finde
 Unless that Spirit lead his minde,
 Which first upon thy face did move,
 And hatch'd all with his quickning love.
 As this lond brooks incessant fall
 In streaming rings refluates all,
 Which reach by course the bank, and then
 Are no more seen, just so pass men.
 O my invisible estate,
 My glorious liberty, still late !
 Thou art the Channel my soul seeks,
 Not this with Cataracts and Creeks.

Quickness.

False life ! a foil and no more, when
 Wilt thou be gone ?
 Thou foul deception of all men
 That would not have the true come on.

Thou art a Moon-like toil ; a blinde
 Self-posing state ;
 A dark contest of waves and winde ;
 A meer tempestuous debate.

Life is a fix'd, discerning light,
 A knowing Joy ;
 No chance, or fit : but ever bright,
 And calm and full, yet doth not cloy.

'Tis such a blisful thing, that still
 Doth vivifie,

And shine and smile, and hath the skill
To please without Eternity.

Thou art a toy from Mole, or less
A moving mist.
But life is, what none can express,
A quickness, which my God hath kist.

The Wreath.

Since I in storms us'd most to be
And seldom yielded flowers,
How shall I get a wreath for thee
From those rude, barren hours?

The softer dressings of the Springs,
Or Summers later store
I will not forthy temples bring,
Which *Thorns*, not *Roses* wore:

But a twin'd wreath of *grief* and *praise*,
Praise soil'd with tears, and tears again
Shining with joy, like dewy days,
This day I bring for all thy pain,
Thy causeless pain! and sad as death;
Which sadness breeds in the most vain,
(O not in vain!) now beg thy breath;
Thy quickning breath, which gladly bears
Through saddest clouds to that glad place,
Where cloudless Quires sing without tears,
Sing thy just praise, and see thy face.

The Queer.

O Tell me whence that joy doth spring
Whose diet is divine and fair,
Which wears heaven, like a bridal ring,
And tramples on doubts and despair?

Whose Eastern traffique deals in bright
And boundless Emphyrean themes,
Mountains of spice, Day-stars and light,
Green trees of life, and living streams?

Tell me, O tell who did thee bring
And here, without my knowledge, plac'd,
Till thou didst grow and get a wing,
A wing with eyes, and eyes that taste?

Sure, *bolynefs* the *Magnet* is,
And *Love* the *Lure*, that woos thee down;
Which makes the high transcendent bliss
Of knowing thee, so rarely known.

The

The Book.

ETernal God ! maker of all
That have liv'd here, since the mans fall ;
The Rock of ages ! in whose shade
They live unseen, when here they fade.

Thou knew'st this *papp*, when it was
Meer *seed*, and after that but *grass* ;
Before 'twas *dress* or *spin*, and when
Made *linen*, who did wear it then :
What were their lives, their thoughts & deeds
Whither good *corn*, or fruitless *weeds*.

Thou knew'st this *Tree*, when a green *shade*
Cover'd it, since a *Cover* made,
And where it flourish'd, grew and spread.
As if it never should be dead,

Thou knew'st this harmless *beast*, when he
Did lye and feed by thy decree
On each green thing ; then slept (well fed)
Cloath'd with this *skin*, which now lies spread
A *Covering* o're this aged book,
Which makes me wisely weep and look
On my own dust ; meer dust it is,
But not so dry and clean as this.
Thou knew'st and saw'st them all, and though
Now scatter'd thus, dost know them so.

O knowing, glorious spirit ! when
Thou shalt restore trees, beasts and men,

When

When thou shalt make all new again,
 Destroying onely death and pain,
 Give him amongst thy works a place,
 Who in them lov'd and fought thy face!

To the Holy Bible.

O Book! lifes guide! how shall we part,
 And thou so long seiz'd of my heart!
 Take this last kiss, and let me wrap
 True thanks to thee, before I sleep.

Thou wert the first put in my hand,
 When yet I coul not understand,
 And daily didst my yong eyes lead
 To letters, till I learnt to read.
 But as rash youths, when once grown strong
 Flye from their Nurser to the throng,
 Where they new Consorts choose, & stick
 To those, till either hurt or sick:
 So with that first light gain'd from thee
 Ran I in chase of vanity,
 Cryed crosse for gold, and never thought
 My first cheap Book had all I sought.
 Long reign'd this vogue; and thou cast by
 With meek, dumb look: didst woo mine
 And oft left open would'st convey (eye,
 A sudden and most searching ray
 Into my soul, with whose quick touch
 Refining still, I struggled much.
 By this milde art of love at length
 Thou overcam'st my sinful strength,

And having brought me home, didst there
 Shew me that pearl I sought elsewhere.
 Gladness, and peace, and hope, and love,
 The secret favors of the Dove,
 Her quickning kindness, smiles and kisses,
 Exalted pleasures, crowning blisses,
 Fruition, union, glory, life
 Thou didst lead to, and still all strife,
 Living, thou wert my souls sure ease,
 And dying mak'st me go in peace:
 Thy next *Effects* no tongue can tell;
 Farewel O book of God! farewel!

3 Luke chap. 2. ver. 14.

*Glory be to God in the highest, and on
 Earth peace, good will towards men.*

L'Envoy.

O The new worlds new, quickning Sun!
 Ever the same, and never done!
 The seeds of whose sacred light
 Shall all be drest in shining white,
 And made conformable to his
 Immortal shape, who wrought their bliss,
 Arise, arise!
 And like old cloaths fold up these skies,
 This long worn veyl: then shine and spread
 Thy own bright self over each head,
 And through thy creatures pierce and pass
 Till all becomes thy cloudless glass,
 Transparent as the purest day
 And without blemish or decay,

Fixt by thy spirit to a state
 For evermore immaculate.
 A state fit for the sight of thy
 Immediate, pure and unweild eye.
 A state agreeing with thy minde,
 A state thy birth, and death design'd:
 A state for which thy creatures all
 Travel and groan, and look and call.
 O seeing thou hast paid our score,
 Why should the curse reign any more?
 But since thy number is as yet
 Unfinish'd, we shall gladly sit
 Till all be ready, that the train
 May fully fit thy glorious reign.
 Onely, let not our haters brag,
 Thy seamlets coat is grown a rag,
 Or that thy truth was not here known,
 Because we forc'd thy judgements down.
 Dry up their arms, who vex thy spouse,
 And take the glory of thy house
 To deck their own; then give thy saints
 That faithful zeal, which neither saints
 Nor wildly burns, but meekly still
 Dares own the truth, and shew the ill.
 Frustrate those cancerous, close arts
 Which cause solution in all parts,
 And strike them dumb, who former words
 Wound thy beloved, more then swords.
 Dear Lord, do this! and then let grace
 Descend, and hallow all the place.
 Incline each hard heart to do good,
 And cement us with thy sons blood,
 That like true sheep, all in one fold
 We may be fed, and one minde hold.
 Give warchful spirits to our guides!
 For sin (like water) hourly glides
 By each mans door and quickly will
 Turn in, if not obstructed still.

84 *Silex Scintillans, or Sacred Poems.*

Therefore write in their hearts thy law,
And let these long, sharp judgements aw
Their very thoughts, that by their clear
And holy lives, mercy may here
Sit regent yer, and blessings flow
As fast, as persecutions now.
So shall we know in war and peace
Thy service to be our so'le ease,
With pure re souls adoring thee,
Who turn'd our sad captivity!

S. Clemens apud Basil:

Ζῆ δὲ Θεός, καὶ δὲ κύριος ὁ Ἰησοῦς Χριστός,
καὶ τὸ πνεῦμα τὸ ἅγιον.

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